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LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Warner Arundell; the Adventures of a Creole. By E. L. JOSEPH, of Trinidad. 3 vols.

This is a very original work, and its originality is of a varied and good kind. We seldom see such copious evidence of a direct copying from nature, both animate and inanimate. We scarcely know whether we most admire the author's descriptions of gorgeous and romantic scenery, his delineations of human character, his pathos, or his drollery—for throughout there is a fine under-current of quiet and rich humour. The general style and language of the work are admirable, being sober where the nature of the matter might tempt ordinary writers to inflation and extravagance, and being mainly impressive from its simplicity, and very idiomatic. In the way of humour, many of his sober hits are wonderfully effective. The scene of the narrative is chiefly fixed on the Spanish Main, and among the West Indian islands, which offer an infinite variety of the most glorious landscapes. We are rather surprised that the writers of novels and romances should not oftener have collocated their personages and adventures in these regions, where external nature is dressed in the most romantic colours, and where many romantic episodes of history have been performed. To the novelist, moreover, they offer a great variety of peculiar and strongly marked characters; for all classes of men in the West Indies have very distinctive marks of their own, and seem to indulge in their habits and their oddities with a degree of freedom unknown in our colder latitudes. In our own reading we scarcely remember any West Indian stories except the *Anaconda*, and another striking tale by Monk Lewis, who, happily enough introduced some of the peculiarities of scenery, but who was not so felicitous in catching the peculiarities of character. Of late, to be sure, we have had "Tom Cringle's Log," and the "Grand Cruise," in "Blackwood"—but we are not prepared to consider these sparkling productions as works of imagination: on the contrary, we opine that they are as true as a log-book, and everybody knows that this is one of the most veracious and least ornamented of human compositions. But here we may say, that "Warner Arundell" has the same matter-of-fact character, resembling the real history of a man's life, rather than the usual inventions of the novelist. This air of truth and reality is visible in nearly every page of the vo-

lumes before us, and we feel assured that where the author is not describing accidents which have actually happened to himself, he is relating those which befel others, and of which he has obtained good accounts from real actors, sufferers, or eye-witnesses. The impression of this truthfulness is rendered the deeper by his nice attention to localities. He seems to be perfectly at home in every part of the West Indies, and in some respects a better notion of that country is given in his three amusing volumes than is to be obtained from the perusal of many heavy books of voyages and travels. The construction of the story is remarkably inartificial; the author relies on his heart-moving and spirit-stirring incidents to produce his effect. These incidents follow each other in a natural manner, and are such as many hundreds of the more adventurous portion of our fellow-creatures have been acquainted with, though but few may have such great powers of narrative, or be able to relate them in so natural and graceful a manner. The story is in the form of an autobiography—"Warner Arundell," the hero, writing down the adventures of his youth and early manhood, and connecting them, as they were in reality connected, with the revolutions and changes which took place in the West Indies between the years 1794 and 1824, among which the rise of a black power in St. Domingo and the establishment of independence in South America, were not the least remarkable. Warner was the son of a Creole planter, who had once been very rich, but who had, through indulgence and neglect, lost nearly all his fortune, and who died when the hero was only eight years old. The children of imprudent parents have generally plenty of adventures, particularly if they are brought up as gentlemen, and feel the laudable wish of maintaining their position in society. When left orphans at an early age, the chances of an adventurous life are of course much increased. And besides, there were in the West Indies sundry little peculiarities tending wonderfully to the production of incident and adventure, for poverty is the great promoter of enterprises, vicissitudes, and catastrophes, sometimes ending one way, sometimes another—now in a coronet, now at the gallows. According to our hero, it was a common saying in the island, "Only make me your executor, and I care not whom you make your heir." By this principle every young heir grew up a beggar, and had to struggle for it. Warner Arundell was no exception to this general rule. But, properly speaking, his adventures began before he was born, for his mother was carried up into the mountains by the insurgents of Grenada, and died in giving birth to him in the midst of negroes, mulattoes, and poor French Creoles, who had adopted all the doctrines of the Jacobins and sans-culottes at Paris. The white men and the mulattos agreed tolerably well in beating the poor negroes with white sticks inscribed with the magical words "Liberty and equality." His mother's misadventure, and other family circumstances, lead to some excellent accounts of the Maroon and Carib wars. Master Warner is suckled and educated, after a fashion, by Mrs. M'Shain, the wife of a drunken Irish soldier. When his uncle visits him, that worthy West Indian thinks that an essential part of his education has been shamefully neglected.

"My father's Grenada estates being, as my worthy uncle aptly said, 'settled, (as a man is said to be settled after having his brains knocked out,) he commenced examining into the state of my education, which, thanks to Mrs. M'Shain, was respectable for a boy of my age. I could read fluently, write a fine hand, and knew the four first rules of arithmetic; besides which acquirements, I could swim, ride a donkey, and talk creole French, which was as much my mother-tongue as English.

"Can you stand fire, Warner?" asked my uncle George.

"I replied, that I had never tried.

"What!" said my uncle, with astonishment, 'never taught to stand fire! My poor, dear child, how your education has been neglected! who ever before heard of a boy of eight years of age, brought up in a christian country, without being able

to stand fire? Why, my dear Warner, your cousin Amelia, when she was a year younger than you are, would, without winking, suffer me to shoot a sappotilla from off her flaxen head; and she could handle her pistol dexterously before she finished her first sampler.

"Having expressed my willingness to learn, my uncle placed a wine-glass in my hand, which he bid me hold by the foot, with the tips of my finger, with my arm extended in an horizontal direction: he then retired about twelve paces from me, and cocked a loaded duelling-pistol.

"Now, my dear Warner," said he, "steady! look at me, not at the glass; don't allow your hand to shake—the pistol is only loaded with powder; look straight at me, not at the glass: so—" bang went the pistol, which, as he said, was only loaded with powder. "Bravo!" he exclaimed; "you are steady under fire; and now, hold it once more, for the other pistol. Steady, again; open your eyes and shut your mouth, and see what the pistol will send you."

"Again the pistol went off; but this time there was a ball in it; for I, at one and the same moment, saw the flash, heard the report, and felt the glass break in my hand, my uncle having struck it on the rim.

"Bravo! my dearest child; you are a true Arundel," said my relative, embracing me with as much ardour as though I had learned the most difficult and useful lesson.

"In order further 'to teach the young idea how to shoot,' he brought from his trunk a pair of pistols of about seven inches in length of barrel, and showed me how to charge and discharge them; at first with corks, and then with bullets. In the course of that day and the next, I became so dexterous in the use of the 'marking irons,' that my uncle and myself contrived to break every glass in the house, and were, consequently, reduced to drink out of calabashes and cocoa-nut shells, until a fresh supply could be procured from town.

"My uncle next taught me fencing, together with a little negro, whom he instructed purposely, in order that I might contend with one of my own size. Owing to those lessons, and to subsequent practice, I have seldom met with one who could compete with me in fencing, and certainly never with any one who surpassed me in the dexterous use of fire-arms."

Soon after this he is sent to the island of Antigua. His voyage was enlivened by the following incidents:—

"I again embarked on board the Hawk, which was ordered to cruise amongst the singular crescent formed by the Caribbean Islands, for a week or two previous to her going to Antigua. On the eighth day of our cruise, while we lay off the insalubrious island of St. Lucia, we received information that a fine French brig of war, called Le Premier Consul, was amongst the islands, upon which we ran down to 'the Saints,' where we discovered a brig to leeward of us, which, as it afterwards appeared, mistook us for a merchantman, and immediately beat up to windward as if in chase of us. Rotherham manœuvred so as to keep the weather-gage of the enemy, and yet seem endeavouring to escape, which was done to deceive the Frenchman, our commander judging that the brig of war could outsail us. Suddenly, when the vessels were near enough, the Hawk altered her course and ran down to Le Premier Consul to engage her; upon which the latter, discovering her error, showed a disposition to escape; but, finding flight impracticable, she began the engagement by pouring a broadside into the Hawk, as the latter came within range of her guns.

"Prior to this, my nurse and myself were ordered into the cockpit: the order Mrs. M'Shain obeyed, but I evaded. There was a lad on board of the name of Jack Thompson, a midshipman, and son of the purser, who, although several years older than myself, was scarcely my height. Between us there naturally arose such a friendship as boys are capable of feeling. Just before I was ordered below we had the following conversation:—

"Now," said he, "Warner, we shall see glorious fun; we shall take the mounseers, see if we don't. I am stationed here to see that the boys are smart with the ammunition: it will be such a lark!"

"But," said I, "are you not afraid?"

"Afraid!" he ejaculated; "no; the mounseers are afraid of us!"

"When I heard a lad not my size declare that the enemy was afraid of us, by

which pronoun he included himself, I felt an inclination to see what he called the *glorious fun*. I asked my friend if I could remain on deck.

" 'To be sure you can; the skipper won't notice you; and if the *Johnny Crapeau* should board, I'll protect you!'

" Saying which, he touched his little square dirk, and looked an inch taller. On deck I remained with Jack Thompson, to see what he called the *larks*: but the enemy's broadside convinced me there was no *fun* in the matter; it drove three of our ports into one, and killed and wounded several men and one officer.

" 'Don't mind it, Warner,' whispered the undaunted little Jack, on his observing me turn pale; you'll see such a *go* just now.'

" 'Don't return their fire,' said the commander; 'let them go on, we'll pay them off just now. Ready about; raise tacks and sheets; and mainsail haul; let go, and haul.'

" All these orders were given with coolness, and obeyed with alacrity, while the enemy was blazing at us. Round went the *Hawk*; and, while she lay with her waist-guns almost touching the stern of the enemy, she backed her main-topsail, and poured into *Le Premier Consul* a destructive broadside, the effect of which was murderous. The enemy replied with two stern-chasers, but their effect was insignificant compared with that of the guns of the *Hawk*, whose position was such that the artillery of her whole broadside swept the length of her opponent's deck; upon which the Frenchman strove hard to get from his disadvantageous situation, but this he did not effect until he was most severely cut up.

" Although a mere child at the time, yet I well recollect the sensation I felt on this occasion, when I first saw the men strip themselves of every article of their clothes save their trousers, and gird their loins as tight as they could with their handkerchiefs, and heard them cheer, and the valiant Jack Thompson say, 'Now we shall see a *lark*.' I shared in the general excitement during the silence that immediately preceded the enemy's broadside; I felt a sensation of awe and restlessness not easily described. I had no inclination to go below deck, but a kind of nervous wish to move about; not merely to get out of danger, for of that I scarcely had a clear idea. When the sudden flash, smoke, and burst of thunder, poured from the side of the French brig, my respiration was checked; and, as I noted several of our men fall, and the moment after the lee scuppers running with blood, I felt a dizziness of head and sickness of stomach; but no sooner did the *Hawk* return her fire with a murderous raking broadside over the enemy's stern, then I partook of the undaunted Jack's enthusiasm, and thought it '*glorious fun*.' If courage consisted in mere insensibility to danger, boys would be more valiant than men.

" Thrice the enemy attempted, in vain, to board: twice, when the yard-arms of the hostile ships crossed each other's decks; and once, when they had injudiciously run their bowsprit into our midships. On this last occasion, they were not only repulsed with great loss, but raked again, with such murderous effect, that, after an ineffectual attempt to sheer off, and a brave but useless resistance, *Le Premier Consul* hauled down her tricolor, having three-fourths of her crew either killed or wounded.

" During the engagement, I stood by my little friend, the purser's son. On one occasion I caught the eye of the commander, who called out to me, 'What do you do here, you little creole imp of darkness? get below!' when something occurred which called off his attention from me, and I remained near the midshipman, resolved, as Jack said, to see the *fun* out.

" But poor Mrs. M'Shain suddenly missed me, and, amid the din of arms, inquired in a distracted manner for me, of all who were below deck. These consisted of the surgeon, his mate, the wounded who required to be dressed, and such as were employed conveying them into the cockpit. She received no answer to her anxious inquiries, until the steward, having to support a wounded officer down to the surgeon, told her that I was with Jack Thompson, on deck.

" The love for the child she had suckled now overcame all her womanly fears: she sprang on deck, caught me in her arms, and rushed towards the companion; but ere she reached this, a random musket-shot from the enemy's vessel prostrated her on the deck, a warm and bleeding corpse. Stunned by the fall, I lay some moments in her arms, covered with her blood; and, when I was enabled to disengage myself, I stood up, and called upon my affectionate nurse not to mind the loss of a little blood, as the doctor would make her better—promising, if she would go below with me, that I never would leave her again: but she stirred not. I knelt down to kiss her; to do which, I raised her head, when her fixed and glazed eyes told me too well that

she was dead. I had seen the corpse of my poor father, and, child as I was, could recognise the ghastly visage of death. I knew she had died in the attempt to save my life, and felt that I was the cause of the mortal wound which deprived my orphan childhood of an affectionate nurse, whose friendship I needed, whose love for me equalled the love of a mother for an only infant, and whom I loved as much as child could love mother. I clasped her warm, yet inanimate hand to my lips, held it there, and cried as though my little heart were breaking: the tears I at that time shed were the bitterest that ever moistened my cheeks, for they were the tears of grief, despair, and remorse.

"As this transaction took place at an important part of the engagement, it escaped general observation. A few minutes, however, after the enemy struck, Lieutenant Rotherham discovered me weeping beside the body of the poor Irish-woman; which scene moved him to more sorrow than he expressed for the slaughter of a considerable part of the crew of the vessel he commanded. All the Hawk's hardy men sympathised in this melancholy event; and even many of the brave prisoners who were brought on board, when informed of the circumstances attending the death of my poor nurse, shed tears.

"After the engagement we were becalmed, and the body of my best friend, together with those of such as had fallen in the engagement, were committed to the deep; to be torn to pieces by those ghouls of the ocean, the sharks; who, allured by the taste of the blood which had poured from the scuppers of the hostile vessels, absolutely swarmed about them. War's parade is magnificent; while in action he is exciting; but when, from exhaustion, he reposes from his murderous efforts, his countenance becomes more hideous than that of any other demon that quits hell to afflict the earth.

"A breeze sprang up in the night; and the next evening the Hawk, with her prize, accomplished the dangerous navigation into English Harbour; and the commander, after paying his respects to, and receiving the thanks of the admiral of the station, took me to St. John's, and presented me to my aunt, a very old lady, who had a large family of children and grand-children. I was kindly received by my relative."

The character of the pedagogue at Antigua, who was always asking his pupils for news, is admirably given; but a finer full-length portrait, drawn at the same place, is that of Morris, the dare-devil captain of a West Indian privateer. Morris's account of his escape from a French prison is rich in the extreme.

When his school days are over, Warner Arundell, after visiting many other of the islands, goes to Trinidad, in the faint hope of recovering the inheritance of a recently-deceased uncle. But he finds that the Spanish lawyers and priests, and a certain housekeeper, had been beforehand with him, and he got not a doubloon of the property. A friend then advised him to turn Spanish lawyer himself, and to this end Warner went over to the Main, and studied two or three years in the university of Caraccas. While resident in this part of the world, he witnessed from a neighbouring mountain that tremendous earthquake which destroyed the proud city of Caraccas with a considerable portion of its population of 100,000 souls. A few weeks after this, as he was returning from the Spanish Main to Grenada, he saw the terrific volcanic eruption, which broke out so suddenly at St. Vincent, in the year 1812. Both these phenomena, the earthquake and the eruption, are described with unusual power. They are enough, in themselves, to make the fortune of the volume. At St. Christopher's the hero met a host of full-grown brown brothers and sisters, the children of his father before his marriage, by a black housekeeper. Although Master Warner had been kept in ignorance of their existence, he receives them on the footing of relations; and this unusual condescension awakens the liveliest affection and gratitude in the breasts of the poor brownies, who lay all that they possess in the world (and they are well to do in it) at the feet of their half-brother. The whole of this passage may be particularly noticed as a happy blending of humour and pathos. It produces those smiles which are the sweeter from being mixed with a few natural tears. Warner, though very poor at the time, refuses to profit

by these generous offers, and he sails for England. It is not our intention to detail the circumstances of the story, but only to show some of the things in it which give scope for fine and exciting descriptions. After a residence of some years in London, the hero finds himself deprived of the petty allowance which had been granted him by Messrs. Keen and Leech, the managers of his father's immense, but embarrassed, estates. It was at the time when many adventurous spirits in England were arming for the patriots of South America—Warner Arundell was as poor and desperate as most of these men, and he determined to accompany an expedition which set out from Portsmouth for Columbia.

The voyage across the Atlantic, in the *Saucy Jack*, is a master-piece of description. The characters of the reckless, dissipated adventurers—half sailors, half soldiers—are grouped and contrasted with wonderful effect. Never were the frolics and mad pranks of a wild drinking set of fellows hit off with more vivacity. All this fun, however, and all this drinking, leads to a tragical scene on a little island in the Gulf of Paria, where a duel and the yellow fever cut off some of the roystering youths before they can join the patriots of Columbia. We can only find room for a part of this awful scene.

"While he was at his wild devotion, the seconds proposed that the duel between Beadle and Jenkins should be decided. Ten paces were the distance agreed on. While this was being measured, Jenkins commenced to draw the outlines of a ship on the sand, with a cane he held in his hand. The pistols were loaded and placed in the hands of the parties. Just before the word "fire" was to be given, Beadle, as if suddenly recollecting himself, cried out,—

"Hold, for one minute!"

"He then took out of his pocket a letter.

"Send this," said the young man; "it is addressed to my poor mother. Inclose it in a letter of your own; and I beg of you to say that I am no more. But don't, for God's sake, tell her the disgraceful death I am to die. Poor old soul; she will not long survive the news of my death! But don't break her heart suddenly, letting her know that I died in a drunken broil. I am her only, her darling son? she sold all her trinkets to provide me with a passage; and I came on this accursed expedition because I hoped to make a fortune, in order to render her old age and widowhood comfortable. But God's will be done—or rather the devil's! for we are here on an unblest business. But no matter."

"Tears were stealing down the poor little fellow's cheeks, when I interfered, and said,—

"For the sake of Heaven, gentlemen, proceed no further in this business! Lieutenant Jenkins, I am sure, will make an apology for his bad joke, which Mr. Beadle, for the sake of his widowed mother, will accept; and——"

"Here Jenkins interrupted me. He was still employed drawing his ship on the sand. He looked up, and said,—

"None of your slack-jaw, doctor; I did not come here to make apologies."

"Nor I to receive them," firmly replied Beadle.

"It was agreed that Britton should give the word to fire. I stood aside, to observe the appearance of the parties. The ludicrous features of Jenkins had a trait of doggedness, otherwise they were of the same comic cast. I saw that those of Beadle seemed pale, and I could even observe a slight blue tinge on his lips; but he seemed firm and collected. He appeared conscious that he stood on the brink of eternity; but he still stood firmly. He exhibited a strong instance of constitutional timidity conquered by moral courage. Britton gave the word 'fire!' Both pistols were discharged the same instant: both pistols fell to the ground together; and, at one and the same moment, Beadle fell forward on his face, and Jenkins sprang up high, and came down on the sand: his ball had passed through the temple of the apothecary, while the ball of Beadle had passed through the aorta of the lieutenant. A brief pang of agony, and Beadle was no more: after a violent but short tremor, the heart of Jenkins ceased to beat. Scarcely an ounce of blood stained the sand of Lospatos, on which lay the corpses of the late enemies, who were both sent, at the same moment, to answer to their Creator for their enmity.

"Thus fatally ended a dispute originating in a cruel joke. We all stood astounded

at the awful, unprecedented, and unexpected result of this affair. It was known to us all that Jenkins was one of the worst shots on board the *Saucy Jack*; and, for the little apothecary, I believe the shot which sent his adversary into eternity was the only one he ever fired.

"Lieutenant Jack, the major, Trevallion, and Britton, stood paralysed at the dreadful result of the duel. I staggered, and should have fallen, if I had not caught hold of a mangrove-branch. All visible objects—the sun, the Gulf, the clouds, the sands on which I stood, and the trees, seemed to whirl rapidly round with me; until I shut my eyes, and felt a cold perspiration oozing out of every pore of my frame, a deadly sickness of stomach, a difficulty of breathing, and a dimness of vision.

"Gradually my senses returned, but I was confused: a vain hope arose in my mind, viz. that all I had witnessed for the last five minutes was a horrible dream. I let go the branches of the mangrove-tree, and passed my hand across my eyes to wipe the big sweat-drops that had fallen on them from my brow. This done, the accursed objects,—the bodies of the slain men, who, but a few moments before, were in life and health,—came on my vision. Oh, how I wished that I had been drowned ere I reached the hated shores of *Lospatos*!

"Long minutes fled, and we scarcely changed our position. Now and then we gazed on the two corpses, and then looked at each other and shuddered. Suddenly we were aroused from our lethargy by Purcell, who, with the looks of a demoniac, rushed amongst us.

"'Ha, ha!' said he, 'both fallen! both at the same time have finished their voyage, and know in what latitude hell lies! The old man told me this would happen, the last time he appeared in the boat. And look aloft, there! Do you not see that?'

"He pointed above, and we cast our eyes upwards to the clouds to which his finger was directed.

"'Do you not see,' said the delirious man,—'do you not see my old father's frowning features, and his hand pointing upwards—don't you see it?'

"We all remarked that one of the noon-tide clouds of the tropics, which hung over *Lospatos*, had assumed the form of a gigantic profile of a human face; and, just above it, another fantastic roll of vapour had curled itself into the delineation of a hand, with a finger pointing upwards. Of course, imagination aided this vaporous formation; yet so remarkable was this cloudy portraiture, that it struck us all, at the same moment, as bearing a striking resemblance to a human visage and hand.

"'See! see how the old boy frowns on us all! and see, where his finger points aloft, to where, in fiery letters, is written his curse! I never knew that a vindictive old father's curse would be logged in the sky. Oh, that my poor mother had not died before him! Would she not, think you, have dissuaded the old man from having his malediction against her favourite child written in heaven? An enraged father knows not pity; but a poor mother will plead at the throne of heaven, like an angel, for an erring child. Oh, my poor mother! would that I could lay my head on your bosom: a tear from your eye would quench the hell-flames burning on my brow!'

"He pressed his hands to his burning temples, as a flash of lightning rent the clouds which had acted upon his imagination, and glared on the dismal, ill-omened island. At the same instant a long peal of thunder roared over *Lospatos*, and was echoed from the Gulf.

"'Hark!' said the delirious man, 'how the old fellow howls at me! I'll hide myself in the sea!'

"He made two or three hurried steps towards the water; but, his strength failing him, he fell on the sand.

"We carried him into the boat, and covered him with a sail, by way of awning. I moistened his lips with a little water, and he became less turbulent. He yet muttered about his father's curse; so terribly had it taken possession of his imagination. I felt his pulse, and found he had so violent a fever that its beating could not be counted.

"The appearance of several vultures, winging their gloomy way from *Trinidad*, and approaching to where the bodies were lying, called our attention to them. Silently we drew near, drove off the carrion birds, and turned the face of the dead upwards. Both the countenances of the slain men bore the marks of extreme agony: their cadaverous looks were sickening to behold. We cut a few mangrove

sticks, with which we made a deep hole in the sand, above high-water mark, in which we placed the bodies of Jenkins and Beadle, and covered them with the sand we dug from out the grave. Now and then, a short ejaculation, or brief supplication for mercy, broke as it were involuntarily from us. Our prayers were not for the dead: our devotion was selfish.

"None of us had that day tasted food. Our little store of provisions, laid in for this inauspicious voyage, was now produced. Some of us ate a little, but complained that the viands had no taste; they, however, drank less sparingly. I could swallow nothing but water. Few words were spoken, none wasted. We seemed, to use the expression of Wordsworth,

'All silent, and all damned.'

"We rose to depart. Lieutenant Jack addressed me thus:—

"From the unhappy state of my principal, Mr. Arundell, custom might require that I should stand in his place as his second; but I hope the awful termination of one duel——"

"He paused.

"I replied, 'Enough, sir; there is sufficient blood on our hands already.'

"'I hope,' said the lieutenant, 'that our courage will not suffer in the opinion of the world.'

"'Curses on the opinion of the world!' I replied; 'behold the result of the influence of that opinion!' pointing to the mound of sand that lay over the grave of the duellists.

"We launched the boat with some difficulty, in consequence of Purcell being in it. The afternoon breeze wafted us soon from the hated shores of Lospatos; and, from that time to the present, I have never been able to look on its gloomy, unpeopled shores, without shuddering. We arrived in Port of Spain that night at nine o'clock; we landed secretly. No one saw us depart for, and none saw us return from, our unblest voyage: we quitted the island with the caution of fugitives from justice; we came to it as stealthily as murderers.

"Medical assistance was that night procured for Purcell. We informed the physician of what was the fact, that he was attacked with fever while sailing on the Gulf. The doctor's look at once bespoke despair: the disease had already got beyond the management of science; for that mysterious forerunner of death, black vomit, had made its appearance. Through the night, and the next day, he raved about his father's curse; and the third morning after the attack commenced, he was borne to a hasty grave."

Warner Arundell, at last, joins the insurgents in Columbia, and takes an active part in the terrible warfare which they were waging with the Spanish royalists among the mountains, the mighty off-shoots of the Andes, and the measureless savannahs through which the Orinoco pours his world of waters. Here our author's descriptions of scenery are of a high order, and the same may be said of the sketches of the chiefs of the belligerent parties. Bolivar, Paez, Gregor Mac Gregor, Morillo, and others, fill the historic stage. There is also subjoined a brief and spirited summary of the history of the whole revolution in South America. After many perilous adventures the hero falls into the hands of the royalists, who had long been in the habit of massacring all their prisoners. He is chained and left for execution on the morrow; but during the night he is liberated by a beautiful young Spanish lady, who from that moment becomes the lady of his love. The story increases in interest and action towards the end; but here we must leave, lest we spoil the effect of the *denouement*. We can honestly recommend these "Adventures of a Creole," as being alike instructive and amusing. The multitude of well-drawn characters it contains is really surprising. Negroes, planters, pirates, privateers, West Indian doctors, magistrates, merchants, Spanish dons, South American Indians, monks, and missionaries, are all painted to the life.

The Life of Richard Earl Howe, K.G., Admiral of the Fleet, and General of Marines. By SIR JOHN BARROW, Bart., F.R.S.

Lord Howe was indisputably one of the greatest, and best, of a great and glorious class of men. He gained one of the most splendid victories upon record in the annals of the world—he advanced the scientific parts of his profession, improved the system of tactics, and that of signals—he led the way to the valuable improvements made by later officers—and, what perhaps ought to be his proudest boast, he bettered the condition of the common sailor, and secured to the brave fellows serving in the fleets, a treatment more humane, and infinitely more rational, than had been customary before his time. In this respect he fell short of the advanced point of comfort and good discipline, without flogging, (for the amount of flogging in the navy is now next to nothing,) which has been attained in our days; but these changes are not effected at once—they must go along with the slow march of general civilisation—the men in command must have time to forget their prejudices, the men before the mast have time to raise their own moral condition: but Howe had the merit of making an excellent beginning, and he was justly rewarded at an early part of his career by the gratitude of his men, who called him “the sailor’s friend.” Previous to his time, and indeed in many ships contemporary with him—for his example was not universally followed—the memorable scenes of tyranny, brutality, and wretchedness, depicted by Smollett in the best of his novels, may be taken as pretty faithful representations of life on board the fleets of Great Britain. Miserably fed, badly treated in almost every respect, it is surprising that the spirit of the men was not destroyed—but this was of such a sturdy nature, as to bid defiance to corrupt government, plundering treasurers, and commissioners, and dock-yard men on shore, and to the pettier robberies of the pursers, the cat, and short commons afloat, to say nothing of a hundred other hardships and oppressions. A good bellyfull of victuals was an exceeding great rarity. It was not the country that gained by thus pinching their gallant defenders: a country voted and paid for wholesome food for all, and these supplies were turned aside from their proper course by mal-administration, and a frightful *gaspillage* in every department of government. Fellows, who never saw a shot fired, got fat at home on the spoils of the sailors who “braved the battle and the breeze.” We have heard many, and we have seen some, proofs of the mighty brigandism exercised in our arsenals and navy store-houses, even at a comparatively recent period, which might startle a mind familiar with the contemplation of domestic robbery.

One of the customs of the good old times was to keep the poor sailors constantly afloat, without allowing them any leave of absence to recruit their health, and amuse themselves after their trying voyages. The inevitable effect of this close confinement, and of unwholesome provisions, was disease, in one of its most dreadful and disgusting forms. The scurvy, now almost unknown in her Majesty’s ships, was then never out of them: the crews of the best were often decimated—nay, a fourth of the whole was no unusual sacrifice on anything like a long cruise. The sticklers for old routine and practices said, they could not let the men go ashore, because if they did, they would desert—and the men deserted in shoals whenever they found an opportunity, because they were not allowed a rational and indispensable degree of liberty. Lord Howe, on the contrary, gave liberal leaves to his men, and his men, no longer considering his ship as a prison, constantly returned in good spirits to their duty, and there was rarely a case of desertion among the crews he commanded. They became attached both to the ship and to the captain, and this attachment was carried to enthusiasm, when they had fol-

lowed him through many dangers, and seen the unflinching courage he displayed in every battle. This feeling spread through the whole navy, and the sailors were accustomed to say, "Only give us black Dick, and we won't fear the devil himself."

The effeminate, tart, and epigrammatic Horace Walpole, seems to have been forcibly struck by some of the salient points of the character of Howe, to whom he frequently alludes—not exactly in praise, for Horace never praised anybody, or any thing, except his own father and Strawberry Hill—but in a sort of involuntary awe and admiration. "Howe," he says, "is as firm as a rock and as silent." "Howe has no friends but such as he makes at the cannon's mouth." And on other occasions he speaks of the brave sailor's stern silence and his impatience of frivolous questions; "which latter quality," he says "was distinctive of his race,"—alluding here to the House of Hanover, who, for one or two generations, at least, were remarkable rather for the rapidity and abruptness with which they put questions to others, than for their readiness at answering questions. This, however, we believe to be a quality common to all kings, whether legitimate or otherwise, and it ought to be considered as part and parcel of the royal prerogative. Napoleon beat his cotemporary, George III., out and out in this respect.

It does indeed seem extraordinary—as Sir John Barrow remarks—that in this writing age, when so many naval officers wield the pen, that Lord Howe, who has so many claims to their attention and reverence, should never have found a biographer. Sketches of him there are, of course, in annual registers, magazines, and in all biographical dictionaries, but these are loose, incorrect, as such things generally are, and very scanty.

We consider it a fortunate circumstance, that, after being so long neglected, the subject should have fallen into such proper hands. Though a landsman, Sir John Barrow is unusually qualified to treat of the lives and doings of sailors: in his early life he made several very long and remarkable voyages—as everybody knows, from his admirable accounts of China and South Africa. Since then he has been employed upwards of thirty years in our Admiralty, where his duties and his talk have constantly been of ships and sailors, of the sea and sea matters in general. During this long interval he has occupied his pen on the subjects of naval history, maritime discovery, tactics and discipline, and perhaps no living writer has done so much, and so well, in these important departments. The series of papers he has written in the "*Quarterly Review*" upon these topics, upon the north-western passage, voyages of survey or of circumnavigation made by different flags, and upon the prosecution of discovery in the interior of Africa, is highly valuable and interesting. These papers indeed, with others of equal merit on different subjects, make, and will long continue to make, the by-gone volumes of the "*Quarterly*" most valuable books of reference. We must just hint, however, that Sir John Barrow has a few prejudices—we do not mean exclusively those of a political character—and that all his prejudices are full-grown—of a robust make and constitution, and of a most ruddy complexion. Like Howe's courage, they are as firm as rocks: they are not to be touched by stern-chasers nor silenced by broadsides of double-shotted arguments. But there is the same sturdiness and bottom in everything he does; his style is vigorous and John-Bullish, and in his earnestness and whole manner he frequently reminds us of the solid classical prose writers of the olden time. No man feels more keenly for the naval reputation of his country, and therefore we can generally take him to our heart of hearts, prejudices and all. Far be the day when the nation shall feel indifferent on these heads, or be

"All for the land service,
Forgetting Nelson, Howe, and Blake, and Jervis."

The heart of every Englishman ought to glow within him at the recollection of past exploits, and every English eye ought to be directed to the encouragement of those truly-national forces, which, according to the saying of Blackstone, may, on occasion, be increased to any indefinite amount without endangering the liberty of the subject, which great standing armies on shore are so apt to do.

For a Life of Howe, many sources of information have been closed by time and death, but to such as exist, Sir John Barrow has found ready access. Among those who gave him encouragement and assistance was William IV. We quote the following passage from Sir John's Preface with singular satisfaction; both because it seems to us written in a fine manly feeling, and because it is honourable to the memory of the deceased sovereign.

"If I entertained doubts of engaging in the task, which I certainly did, from the want of all private correspondence with or from the noble earl, that could throw any light on his moral character, his opinions, or sentiments, previous to his arriving at his flag, those doubts at once gave way to the flattering approbation, and the expression of a desire, on the part of his late Majesty, that I should undertake it. His commands, on this occasion, were personally conveyed to me only a few days before the commencement, or rather indication, of the fatal illness which deprived the nation of a sovereign eagerly devoted to its honour and its interests—of a prince punctual in the discharge of his public duties, easy of access, and always ready to oblige, and to do a good-natured act—of a man kind-hearted, amiable, and affectionate, in all the relations of private and domestic life.

"His Majesty was pleased to say that, having understood I was about to employ myself in writing the Life of the late Lord Howe, he was glad to hear it was likely to fall into such safe hands, for the admiral was a great favourite with his father, and indeed a sort of connexion of the family; that he knew the present earl had for some time past been desirous of finding some one qualified to write the life of his grandfather, and ought to consider himself fortunate. The king then entered into the history of Lord Howe's life, went over the leading features and events that distinguished it, which an extraordinary memory enabled him to do with a degree of correctness quite surprising; he pointed out some passages in the earl's life, not generally known, and which, he said, would require caution in touching upon, and that he was desirous of mentioning them to me. Though this interview, with which I was honoured, happened on the Sunday immediately preceding the last levee he ever held, I could not discover, on that day, any difference from his usual cheerfulness, manner, or appearance."

After the King, Sir John Barrow acknowledges his obligations to Captain Lord Radstock, to Captain Sir Lucius Curtis, (who gave him a valuable collection of letters, addressed by Earl Howe to his father, Sir Roger Curtis,) to Admiral Sir Robert Barlow: the two latter commanded frigates under Howe on the glorious 1st of June.

Lord Howe's letters to Curtis give a great interest to the volume before us. The genealogy of the Howe family is rather curious.

"In the reign of Charles II., the eldest son of *this* house (John Howe and of his wife Jane Grubham) was created a baronet, and his brother, George Howe, a knight, as due recompenses for their respective services, both being gentlemen eminent in the county of Notts. Sir John Howe, the second son of the first Sir Richard Grubham Howe, having married Annabella, the youngest of the three natural daughters of Emanuel Scrope, Earl of Sunderland, became possessed of that portion of the Scrope estate situated in Notts; this lady was legitimized by Act of Parliament, and became the Lady Annabella Howe. They left four sons, the eldest of whom, John Howe, was Member of Parliament for Cirencester, inherited the family estates in Gloucestershire, held high offices under King William and Queen Anne, and was the immediate ancestor of the Lords Chedworth, a title now extinct.

"Charles, the *third* son, left only one daughter; and Emanuel, the fourth son, did the same, having married Ruperta, the natural daughter of Prince Rupert, third son of Frederick, called King of Bohemia, by Elizabeth, daughter of James I. He was a General in the army, and Envoy Extraordinary to the Elector of

Hanover, afterwards George I.; and from this circumstance probably originated that intimacy with the Royal House of Hanover, which subsists to the present day.

"Reverting now to Scrope, the *second* of the four sons of Sir John Grubham Howe and Lady Annabella: he was born in 1648, and inherited from his mother the Nottingham portion of the Scrope estates, was Member of Parliament for Nottingham in the reigns of Charles II., William III., and Queen Anne, and joined the Earl of Nottingham in 1668, in his adhesion to King William on his landing, was created Baron Clenawley and Viscount Howe in 1701, and was also made a Groom of the Bedchamber. In the chapel, in the south aisle of the church of Langar, is a monumental bust of this Lord Howe, on a marble pedestal, bearing this inscription: 'Erected to the memory of the Right Honourable Scrope, Lord Viscount Howe, who departed this life the 16th day of January, 1712, aged 64 years. At the revolution in the year 1688, he remarkably distinguished himself in the preservation of the religion and liberties of his country, when popery and arbitrary power threatened the subversion of both. He married Anne, the daughter of John, Earl of Rutland, by whom he had issue one son, who died young, and two daughters. Also Juliana, the daughter of William, Lord Allington, by whom he left issue two sons and three daughters.'

"Emanuel Scrope Howe, the eldest son, succeeded his father in 1712, and was Member of Parliament for Nottingham. In 1732 he was appointed Governor of Barbadoes, where he is said to have died by drinking the milk of cocoa nuts, when heated, in March 1734. He married Mary Sophia Charlotte, daughter of Baron Kielmansegge, Master of the Horse to George I. when Elector of Hanover, by Sophia Charlotte, daughter of Count Platen, of the Empire; she was afterwards created by George I. Countess of Darlington. They left four sons and four daughters, the eldest of whom, George Augustus, of great promise, fell universally lamented in America, and the title and estate devolved on the second son, Richard, the subject of the present memoir."

We can scarcely conceive how so frank a writer as Sir John Barrow should omit mentioning the notorious and significant fact that the Madame Kilmansegge, afterwards Countess of Darlington here mentioned, was one of the German mistresses of George I., who was father by her to Charlotte, married to Viscount Howe. Our late King was more open, for it was to this fact he alluded, and not to the more remote relationship through an illegitimate branch of the Stuart family, when he said that Admiral Lord Howe was a sort of family connexion of his. Sir John is well read in Horace Walpole, and must have remembered the following passage in that writer:—"The Duchess of Kendal, under whatever denomination, had obtained and preserved to the last, her ascendant over the king: but, notwithstanding that influence, he was not more constant to her than he had been to his avowed wife; for another acknowledged mistress, whom he also brought over was Madame Kilmansegge, Countess of Platen, who was created Countess of Darlington, and by whom he was indisputably father of Charlotte, married to Lord Viscount Howe, and mother of the present Earl. Lady Howe was never publicly acknowledged as the king's daughter; but Princess Amelia treated her daughter, Mrs. Howe, upon that footing, "and one evening, when I was present, gave her a ring with a small portrait of George I., with a crown of diamonds." The Londoners had no great affection for George's imported favourites, and the less so, perhaps, because they were all remarkably deficient in personal charms. We are not told whether Madame Kilmansegge, or another of them, was the heroine of the well-known anecdote: One of the German ladies being abused by the mob, was said to have put her head out of the coach, and cried in bad English, "Good people, why you abuse us? We come for all your goods." "Yes," d—n ye," answered a fellow in the crowd, "and for all our chattels too." But let us take up a much better subject.

Richard Howe, after passing a short time at Eaton, entered the navy as a midshipman, in the fourteenth year of his age. Having seen a good

deal of active service in the interval, he was posted before he was twenty. The first time that he brought a ship into action was in the memorable year 1745, during the Highland rising in favour of the Pretender Charles Stuart. Young Howe gallantly attacked a French frigate of superior force, which was co-operating with the insurgents, but after a smart brush the action was indecisive. It is not our object to trace the hero through his long career: for that the reader must resort to Sir John Barrow's volume, which we cordially recommend. We will, however, select a few particulars. In the course of the seven years' war, Howe was employed in several of those combined expeditions upon the coast of France, which were so much to the taste of the first Pitt, Earl of Chatham, though they never produced any great results, but only distressed the poor French people, without conferring any honour on the English. They were a family complaint, for the second Pitt, in our own days, carried on the same absurd system, and by his little piddling expeditions to the continent, wasted many millions of money, and reduced the military reputation of his country to a very low ebb. Chatham and his son were great men—both very great men—but of a certainty they were not up to the fighting of the good ship to the best advantage. When we sent what really merited the name of an army to the Peninsula—when the men were kept at their work, and not re-embarked to be scattered in other expeditions, it was soon found that the English had the best of military qualities, and then went Wellington and made them the best soldiers in Europe. If this system had been adopted some ten years earlier, how much lighter would be the burden of our national debt! how many infamous jobs would have been avoided! Under George II. these combined expeditions consisted of a certain number of land troops, seldom more than five thousand, who were to act in conjunction with the fleet. The generals and the admirals could hardly ever understand one another, and their bickerings, during the ill-concerted service, were generally followed by accusations and recriminations, each accusing the other of being the cause of the failure of the expedition; and besides this, it was customary to divide and subdivide the command of the troops in a most absurd manner, and to appoint to these several commands a set of proud lords, or upstart lordlings, who scorned the wholesome laws of discipline and subordination, and who quarrelled with one another even more violently than they did with the sailors. The sailors generally succeeded in burning some of the enemy's ships, and destroying a dock-yard—the soldiers invariably got driven back to the fleet; nor could it happen otherwise, seeing how small was their number, and how unskilful their commanders. The King had the good sense to foresee in what these petty descents on the coast would end. "We," said he, "shall boast that we have burnt some of their ships, and the French will boast that they have defeated an English army."

In one of these expeditions, in which Howe took part, (and be it observed, *his* part was always executed with admirable spirit and ability,) the nominal command-in-chief of the land forces was given to the Duke of Marlborough, and a great talk was made about this appointment, as if the military genius and experience of the great duke had been transmitted, like heir-looms, to his grandchildren.

"Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre,
Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre."

But the French, as Walpole slyly remarks, soon found out that it was not every man that bore the name of Marlborough that was to beat them. Though the duke had the unusual number of thirteen thousand men, he did nothing but burn a few villages—he did not even take the little town of St. Malo, and he returned to England with a drooping crest after a

month's absence. In the hurry of his retreat he left his silver tea-spoons behind him, and these, to mark contempt, were sent after him in a cartel ship by the Duke d'Aiguillon. In another of these expeditions Howe served conjointly with Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, who was then a young colonel of a regiment, but remarkable for his ability and bravery. Howe and Wolfe were congenial spirits—they agreed, says Walpole, like cannon and gunpowder.

At the unhappy quarrel with our American colonies, Admiral Lord Howe was sent out with a fleet, the command of our land forces being at the time in the hands of his younger brother, General Howe. The admiral was instructed to negotiate and conciliate, which he was well disposed to do; but he was sent out too late, and not liking the prospect of waging war on the descendants of Englishmen, he prepared to resign his command. He would have sailed at once, but the arrival of the French fleet, secretly and dishonourably dispatched, materially altered the case, and Howe remained on the American coast manœuvring with admirable skill in presence of a far superior force, until he gave a very satisfactory account of Monsieur d'Estaing, and prevented his ships from doing any mischief. Howe's brother resigned his command about the same time. The general was much beloved and admired by the army, but the officers expressed their admiration in a very ridiculous manner, as the following extract will show.

"The general, Sir William Howe, had, some time previous to this, given up the command of the army to Sir Henry Clinton, disgusted with the conduct of the Secretary for the American Department, Lord George Germain. Previous to his departure, and just when he was resigning his command, the officers at Philadelphia gave him a grand fête, to which they gave the name of *Mischianza*. This entertainment is described as not only to have far exceeded anything that had ever been seen in America, but as rivalling the magnificent exhibitions of that vain-glorious monarch, Louis XIV. of France. All the colours of the army were placed in a grand avenue, three hundred feet in length, lined with the king's troops, between two triumphal arches, for the two brothers, the admiral and the general, to march along in pompous procession, followed by a numerous train of attendants, with seven silken knights of the *Blended Rose*, and seven more of the *Burning Mountain*, and fourteen damsels dressed in the Turkish fashion, each knight bearing an appropriate motto to the damsel of his choice. From this avenue they marched into an open area, one hundred and fifty yards square, lined also with the king's troops, for the exhibition of a tilt and tournament, or mock fight of old chivalry, in honour of those two heroes. On the top of each triumphal arch was a figure of Fame, bespangled with stars, blowing from her trumpet, in letters of light, '*Tes lauriers sont immortels.*' Lord Cathcart acted the character of chief of the knights.

"This silly exhibition, got up by the army, did not escape the most bitter satire, both in America and at home. It was abused and happily ridiculed by that vagabond Paine. 'He bounces off with his bombs and burning hearts, set upon the pillars of his triumphal arch which, at the proper time of the show, burst out in a shower of squibs and crackers, and other fire-works, to the delectable amazement of Miss Craig, Miss Chew, Miss Redman, and all the other misses, dressed out as the fair damsels of the *Blended Rose*, and of the *Burning Mountain*, for this farce of knight errantry.'

In 1782, during the famous siege of Gibraltar by the Spaniards and French, Howe was dispatched with a fleet to the relief of that place, and he fully succeeded in his object in spite of the superior fleets of the enemy, and their batteries along the straits and round the bay. Seldom have more science, seamanship, and temper, been displayed. Sir John Barrow's account of this operation is full, and most interesting, and so is his description of Howe's crowning-glory, the victory of the 1st of June.

Random Recollections of the House of Commons, from the year 1830 to the close of 1835, including Personal Sketches of the leading Members of all parties. By ONE OF NO PARTY. Fifth Edition.

At the first appearance of this amusing work, the Metropolitan ventured to prophecy that it would have an amazing run. The fifth edition, which is now before us fresh from the press, is a tolerable good proof of the fulfilment of that prediction. But so completely has the author caught the taste of the public, by giving them light and spirited reading on subjects which interest every body, and upon which most people required information, that we should not be surprised if another and another still succeed, until we reach a tenth edition, though be it said in these days of abundant production, a fifth edition is a great rarity, and one that proves that the book is calculated to find favour in many eyes.

Anglo-India, Social, Moral, and Political. 3 vols. 8vo.

This is a very good selection of pathos from the Asiatic Journal. It contains a great variety of agreeable and instructive matter relating to the society, manners, customs, language, and literature, of our vast possessions in the Indian Peninsula. Sometimes the information is conveyed in a picturesque and moving story, sometimes in a smart essay, and at others in the plain form of a diary. All the papers bear evidence of being written by persons long resident in the east, and well acquainted with the country and its manners. The three volumes form no inconsiderable addition to our stock of knowledge on those parts, and merely as works of amusement they are not often surpassed. The idea of making the selection was a good one, and we wish every success to its realization.

Plain Advice on the Making of Wills, containing Forms of Wills, Simple and Elaborate, with useful Hints to Persons about to make their Wills, and comprising the whole of the New Law as enacted by Stat. 1 Victoria, c. 26. With Explanatory Notes and Remarks; and a Copy of the Act itself. By JOHN H. BRADY, Late of the Legacy Duty Office, Somerset House, Author of "Plain Instructions to Executors and Administrators," "The Executor's Account-Book," &c. &c.

A plain practical book of this kind was always much needed, and the latter part of it is rendered altogether indispensable by the changes recently introduced into the law of wills. It behoves every man who has property, to acquaint himself with these forms, without a knowledge of which he cannot be certain that his testamentary bequest will be executed according to his wishes; to husbands and fathers the subject is of the most solemn importance. Thousands of heart-rending law cases prove, that it is not enough to have property to leave, but that one must also know how to leave it. It appears that the new statute will, on the whole, give strength to wills and facilitate the making of them, but in some cases it renders the latter operation more critical or difficult. There are writing and printing quacks in law as in medicine, and in every other art and profession. We have as little faith in the books that pretend

to make every man his own lawyer, as we have in those which pretend to make every man his own physician; but in law, as in medicine, there are certain essential principles which may be safely laid down in books, and with these people ought to make themselves well acquainted. Mr. Brady, in the small volume before us, is exceedingly concise and clear, never stating anything but in the plainest language. Any person with common capacity or ordinary education, without any tincture of law learning, may understand his valuable hints and instructions. We consider that we are doing an important duty in making his volume known to our readers.

Outlines of Naval Routine. By LIEUT. ALEX. DINGWALL
FORDYCE, R.N.

The author of this treatise observes, that unlike other professions, the navy, in place of abounding with works of reference, is almost destitute of any; a circumstance in his opinion much to be regretted, depriving, as it does, the young and inexperienced of an easy and excellent means of acquiring professional information, and those of maturer years—often unavoidably on the shelf—of the most obvious mode of strengthening and refreshing the memory, and keeping on a level with the changes and improvements of the times. This is as true as it is strange, but our author is not quite correct when he says that publishing has never yet found favour in the eyes of sailors. Of late years we have had publishing sailors in abundance, the misfortune being that they have seldom or ever treated of professional points in a professional manner, but have betaken themselves to the lighter and more popular task of writing sea novels; some of which are excellent, some mediocre, and some few abominably bad. Men write where there is encouragement; and we cannot help thinking that a little Admiralty patronage might be bestowed for the encouraging of scientific and professional treatises, which can scarcely find a remunerative sale in the general market of literature. Mr. Fordyce notices with proper praise the essays of Captain Glascock and Captain Griffith; but these, though they answer to the purposes proposed by their authors, are far from filling up the great vacuum which exists on this important subject. The author also acknowledges the assistance he has received in the composition of his volume from several distinguished officers in her majesty's service. We fancy that the majority of our readers would be little interested by our discoursing upon fitting, trimming top-sails, top-gallant sails, and the like. The book is for seamen, and we recommend it to all classes of seamen. The author is evidently a sensible, experienced, and kind-hearted officer—one who would eagerly contribute to render the service more light, sure, and agreeable, to the poor sailors. We trust that his exertions will not escape notice in the proper quarter, where, at least, all thinking minds must be convinced of the necessity of adopting something like a uniformity of system in the service. At present there is none. We have, to be sure, done pretty well without it, but who can tell how much better we shall do with it? Of course a good deal must always be left to the personal experience and ingenuity of the officers, nor would it be proper, in some cases, to lay down unalterable laws.

Notes of a Journey through Canada, the United States of America, and the West Indies. By JAMES LOGAN, Esq., Advocate. Vol. i.

This is a slow account of a fast journey. As a traveller, Mr. Logan flies over his ground, but as a writer he never gets upon the wing at all.

As he made his expedition so recently as 1836 and 1837, we expected to find some information regarding the state of parties in Canada, where, after a long and angry contest, the French faction has had recourse to the dangerous arbitrement of rifles and muskets. But Mr. Logan scarcely devotes three pages to the subject, and what he says is common-place or nonsense. As we really stand in need of enlightenment on this important subject, we should be thankful even for the donation of a farthing rushlight.

Our advocate ventures to say, on the authority of the after-dinner gossip of some English merchants at Montreal, that our government has gone too far in the way of concession. We are not quite sure that this may not be the case, but the question is surrounded with difficulties which our advocate does not understand; and after all, that man seldom makes the worst fight who makes beforehand the most generous efforts for accommodating a quarrel. From all the information that we have procured, the French Canadians are an antisocial, jealous, and bigoted people, who, so far from keeping in the onward march of liberty and civilization, would actually revolutionize the country to produce a state of things such as existed in Old France before the revolution of revolutions. Although there is plenty of room for all, and every man's labour adds to the general prosperity, they begrudge the English, Scotch, and Irish settlers every acre of ground they clear; and with unprecedented impudence they pretend to the sovereignty of the soil, which, by the treaty of Quebec, purchased with the life's blood of the gallant Wolfe, rests clearly in the English crown, which liberally guaranteed and guarantees to every French family the lands which they possessed at the time of the conquest, or which they should afterwards obtain by purchase, inheritance, or otherwise. We *do* know that these conditions, granted to a conquered province, have been honourably fulfilled, and that the French Canadians have increased and multiplied, and enjoyed extraordinary prosperity under the British rule. Far different was the case in Cayenne, Guadaloupe, and the other West Indian islands which we liberally restored to the French at the peace. Scarcely had the French garrisons taken possession of the forts, when the English were ordered out of the islands in which some of them had been settled for many years. Their plantations, their houses, were not absolutely seized; but they were allowed so short a time to dispose of them, that it came to nearly the same thing—the French planters keeping aloof until the last moment, when they got the estates at their own price. We should like to pursue this subject, but will wait until some better book than Mr. Logan's gives us an opportunity of so doing.

Phantasmion. 1 vol. 8vo.

Fairy tales, allegories, and other similar works, should never exceed a certain limited length. Whenever they do, the reader is apt to get out of the "concatenation accordingly," and to lose his patience and the thread of the discourse together. There are a few exceptions, the most remarkable of them being John Bunyan's "*Pilgrim's Progress*," that book which is all over a miracle.

Prince Phantasmion is a pretty fellow, a very pretty fellow, and Potentilla a very charming fairy; their story is gracefully told, and contains many beautiful passages; but the story is too long by one half, at the least. The poetry with which it is interspersed is pretty and melodious.

Memoirs of an Aristocrat, and Reminiscences of the Emperor Napoleon. BY A MIDSHIPMAN OF THE BELLEROPHON. 1 vol. 8vo.

This book looks as if it been conceived in drunkenness, and executed under the immediate influences of the cholera morbus. The publishing of it we consider as an insult offered by the author to the taste, good feeling, and good sense of the public. There is scarcely a page but what is absolutely repulsive from its coarseness and vulgarity of conception. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the family history and peerage of Scotland to decide what part of the narrative is true, and what part invented. We could only say that we were never before introduced to such a disgusting family. The author, or at least the hero of the tale, which is written as a true and serious autobiography, aspires to a Scottish peerage. We hope that he may mend his manners before he becomes a lord. The least offensive part of the book is the account of the surrender of Buonaparte on board the Bellerophon—and that is twaddle, which nobody will care to read, after the narrative of the same event given by Captain Maitland of the Bellerophon.

Truths and Fictions of the Middle Ages. The Merchant and the Friar. BY SIR FRANCIS PALGRAVE, K.H.

This is a little book of rare merit. It is full of illustrations of the state of society and manners in England, during the dark ages, which look much more romantic and agreeable at the distance from which we view them, than they were in reality. Sir Francis Palgrave's long research and great learning in these matters, together with the extreme caution and delicacy of his literary conscience, furnish a sufficient guarantee for the correctness and authenticity of his matter. His matter is indeed excellent, and ought to be inwardly digested by all young students, who would have a correct notion of the middle ages. As mere tales, however, we must say, that they might have been better constructed, and made more amusing and animated. As a discoverer and collector of curious and valuable historical and constitutional data, Sir Francis Palgrave has few, if any, superiors. But there are several who surpass him in the arts of agreeable writing, and the popularising of knowledge. His materials are in general excellent—his historical views, save a paradox or two, are exceedingly judicious. All future historians of England must be grateful for the stores he has collected from mouldering parchments and inaccessible places.

More Hints on Etiquette, for the Use of Society at large, and Young Gentlemen in Particular. With Cuts, by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

Of all the absurd books which have lately appeared, the most absurd and most vulgar are the books upon etiquette. They appear, one and all, to have been written by the cast-off footman of some *not* respectable family. The little work now before us is a tolerable burlesque of the whole set—it has some happy hits, but it might have been made much richer. The introduction is written by the ghost of the great Simpson, the immortal master of the ceremonies at Vauxhall. It is not much amiss, but the ghost scarcely equals the brilliant productions of the living man. The illustrations by Cruikshank are excellent as usual.

The Young Housekeeper's Pocket Guide. A Manual containing much Information calculated to increase Domestic Comfort and Happiness at the smallest Expense.

This is a serious, sensible, and very useful little book, abounding with good lessons on order and economy, and with information indispensable to all housekeepers. It is decidedly one of the very best treatises of the kind we have seen, and we cordially wish that it may be widely diffused. To young people beginning housekeeping we strongly recommend it.

The Shakspeare Gallery; being Engravings illustrative of the Plays of Shakspeare, from Pictures by Reynolds, Fuseli, West, Northcote, Romney, Opie, Hamilton, Kirk, Rigaud, Smirke, Barry, Stothard, Porter, Westall, &c. &c. And the Text explanatory of each Subject.

From the specimen before us, we should judge that this will be a very beautiful work. Its extreme cheapness will no doubt introduce it to nearly every class of the community, and if it finishes as it begins, it can hardly fail of having the noble effect of raising the taste of the English people for works of art. We shall speak of it more in detail when we see how it is carried on, these few words being merely to introduce the subject to notice.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

Southey's Poetical Works.—We have received the second and third volumes of this cheap and elegant edition. We are glad to see that the excellent author publishes in them, without any useless comment or retractation, "Wat Tyler," "Botany Bay Eclogues," &c. These are now become literary curiosities, and were never calculated to do much mischief among the "fierce democracy."

Illustrated edition of Don Quixote. The Designs by Tony Johannot.—This work is issuing in monthly parts, like the "Gil Blas," which it resembles in all its best qualities. The translation, properly preferred, is that of Jarvis. Johannot's designs are exquisite. Print, paper, and engraving are all of the best. This is a book for the whole English world.

The Bijou Almanac.—This is a curious, pretty little toy, scarcely exceeding in size

"Anagate stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman."

To help the eye there is a tiny glass enclosed in the case, or nut-shell of this minute kernel. To all persons fond of curious pretty *nic naes*,—of portraits of kings, queens, poets, and musicians, done in the size of peas,—this bagatelle will be very acceptable.

M'Culloch's Course of Reading.—This is a plain useful series of educational books, leading the young student gradually from his first training in the alphabet to the perusal of our classical authors. The books are well printed, neat, and cheap. At present we know of none better suited for families and infant schools.

The Counting-House Manual, or the Principles and Practice of Double Entry Book-Keeping, familiarly explained, for the use of Learners. With Examples, &c. By DANIEL TAYLOR, Merchant.—An excellent little book of its kind. We will let the author explain his object in his own words. "The following observations on Mercantile Book-Keeping, and the examples which accompany them, have been drawn up without reference of any kind to treatises on the same subject given to the public, even by professional instructors, or men of study and learning; and, in consequence, they go forth, not with any pretension to the establishment of a new system, nor yet to derogate from what may be already established, but fill up what the writer, from his own experience as a clerk and merchant, feels to be still a desideratum in this branch of knowledge; namely, such a plain and simple exposition of the principles of book-keeping applied in actual practice, as shall convey to mercantile students, at a small expense, and without elaborate study, a clear and ready apprehension of the whole mysteries of this subject."

Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott.—The sixth volume far exceeds in interest all the preceding ones. The interest is of a melancholy description—it relates to the Constable failure, and the pecuniary embarrassments and heavy responsibilities of the author of "Waverley." All, indeed, is as sad as a funeral march, except the noble spirit with which Scott stood his calamities, and laboured to retrieve his errors of judgment. Another volume will conclude this most valuable work.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Southey's Poetical Works. Collected by Himself. Vol. III. Fcap. 5s.
 Illustrations of the Elementary Forms of Disease. By R. Carswell, M.D. Fasc. XII. Folio, with coloured Plates. 15s.
 Tales for Youth. By Phæbe Blyth. 18mo. 1s. 6d.
 Plain Advice on the Making of Wills. By N. Brady. Fourth Edition. 8vo. 5s.
 A Treatise on Differential Calculus. By W. O. Ottley. 8vo. 12s. 6d.
 British Farmer's Annual Account-Book. Royal 4to. 12s. 6d.
 Connected Essays and Tracts. By H. O'Connor. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 Memoirs of an Aristocrat, and Reminiscences of the Emperor Napoleon. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
 Conversations on Nature and Art, for Young Persons. Second Series. 12mo. 6s. 6d.
 Wellsted's Travels in Arabia. Maps and Plates. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.
 Visits of Familiar Instruction. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
 Cousin on the State of Education in Holland. Translated by L. Horner. Royal 12mo. 9s. 6d.
 The Millwright's and Engineer's Pocket Director. By J. Bennett. 18mo. 3s. 6d.
 Dew of Hermon; or Zion's Daily Sacrifice. Royal 32mo. 3s. 6d.
 Little Alfred of Anglesey. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
 Robinson's Greek and English Lexicon. By Negris and Duncan. 8vo. 25s.
 Illustrations of the Fossil Conchology of Great Britain and Ireland. By Capt. T. Brown. Part I. 20s.
 Scenes in the Hop Gardens. 1 vol. fcap. 4s.
 Colloquies, Imaginary Conversations between a Phrenologist and D. Stewart. By Dr. J. Slade. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
 Sermons to Young Persons. By Rev. M. M. Preston. 12mo. 6s.
 Finden's Ports and Harbours. 4to. morocco. 1l. 11s. 6d.
 Bianca, and other Poems. By L. B. Smith. Fcap. 5s.
 Don Quixote. Vol. I. Illustrated. Royal 8vo. 16s.
 On the Nature and Property of Soils. By J. Morton. 12mo. 5s.
 Anderson's Discourses on the Communion Office. Second Edition. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
 Annual Scrap Book, 1838. Fcap. 5s.
 Bacon's (Lord,) Works. 2 vols. imperial 8vo. 42s.

Barnard's Theory of the Constitution. Part I. Vol. II. 8vo. 6s.
 Bible Stories for Little Children. By a Father. Second Series. 2s. 6d.
 Churchill on the Diseases of Females. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
 Curtis on Health. Second Edition, fcap. 3s. 6d.
 Family Library, Vol. LXIV., (Davenport's History of the Bastile.) 18mo. 5s.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

The thousands of admirers of Mr. Bulwer's "ERNEST MALTRAVERS," who have been disappointed at its abrupt termination, will be gratified to learn that he has just committed to the press the conclusion of that beautiful Tale; and that it may be expected in the course of the present month.

Miss Martineau's new work, entitled "RETROSPECT OF WESTERN TRAVEL," is now ready. We have availed ourselves of an early copy to give some extracts from its lively and graphic pages in our present number.

A new historical Romance from the pen of a gentleman in the North, is in course of printing, entitled "RUFUS, OR THE RED KING."

The new Novel, entitled "MISREPRESENTATION, OR SCENES FROM REAL LIFE," by a Lady, is nearly ready.

"MRS. WILBERFORCE, OR THE WIDOW AND HER ORPHAN," is the title of a new Novel just committed to the press, to which considerable interest is understood to attach.

"MORTIMER DELMAR," by the Authoress of "Conrad Blessington," is expected to appear about the 15th instant.

A new Tragedy, entitled "FREEMEN AND SLAVES," is nearly ready, from the pen of a gentleman whose poetical productions have excited considerable interest.

Mr. Montague Gore has just published "OBSERVATIONS ON THE DISTURBANCES IN CANADA."

A Pamphlet, entitled "DEFECTS IN ELECTION COMMITTEES AND IN THE COURTS OF REVISING BARRISTERS, WITH A PLAN FOR IMPROVING THEM," has just appeared, which is understood to be from the pen of a gentleman of high legal authority.

The *Illustrator Illustrated*. By the Author of the "Curiosities of Literature."

Mr. Lister's "Life of Edward, First Earl of Clarendon," with Original Correspondence and Authentic Papers, never before published, is very nearly ready.

Dr. Ure has for a considerable period been engaged on "A Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mining," which is now in the press, and will form one very thick volume, 8vo. illustrated by a large number of engravings on wood, and is intended as a companion to Mr. M'Culloch's "Dictionary of Commerce and Commercial Navigation."

Mr. M'Culloch, the author of a "Dictionary of Commerce and Commercial Navigation," is engaged upon "A Dictionary, Geographical, Statistical, and Historical, of the various Countries, Places, and Principal Natural Objects in the World." Gentlemen disposed to send articles of Information for this Work, are requested to communicate with Mr. M'Culloch, through his Publishers, at their earliest convenience. One thick volume, 8vo.

Mr. Bulwer, assisted by a number of eminent men, is about to bring out a Magazine, which it is expected will be of more permanent interest than any similar periodical which has ever been published in this country. It will be entitled "The Monthly Chronicle; a National Journal of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art." The principal Contributors will be—In the Literary Department, E. L. Bulwer, Esq., M.P.; in Physical and Experimental Science, Sir David Brewster, Dr. Lardner, &c.; in Natural History, Professors Henslow, and Phillips, N. A. Vigors, Esq. &c.; in the familiar Illustration of the Useful Arts and Manufactures, Dr. Lardner.

Mr. James, the popular novelist, is about to bring out a new tale, entitled "The Robber." We should judge from the title that it is likely to be as generally interesting as his tale entitled "The Gipsy."

Mr. Wood's valuable work on Railroads, which has so long been out of print, will shortly re-appear. The new edition is now in the press. It has been thoroughly revised and corrected, and much enlarged; with an entirely new set of plates and woodcuts.

Mr. John Howard Kyan, Patentee of the Anti-Dryrot Composition, is about to publish a work "On the Elements of Light, and their Identity with those of Matter, Radiant and Fixed."

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.—Talma, in his *Reflections on the Theatrical Art*, and on his great predecessor Lekain,* remarks, that it requires at least twenty years to enable a great actor to present to the public, characters very near perfection, on the playing of every part. There is doubtless much truth in the observation, to which we may add, as a corollary, that it requires equally long experience as an actor, to enable any one to become an efficient manager of a theatre. This requisite must be not merely the long experience of any, but of a great actor, devoted to his profession, as an art applicable to the noblest uses, and the highest purposes, which is not merely the medium of conveying amusement and pleasure, but one of the first of moralities, because it teaches us in the most impressive way the knowledge of ourselves, and one of the most delightful modes of strengthening and supporting the love of virtue, and abhorrence of vice. To prove this assertion by arguments would be absurd, when we have the light of experience to guide us. The managements of Garrick and Kemble are worth a thousand reasons drawn from speculative positions. To the former we owe the emancipation of our stage,

“ Then crush’d by rules, and weaken’d as refin’d,”

from the formal imitations of French tragedy, the tiresome uniformity of genteel comedy, and the grave seduction of heroic, and the broad infamy of comic plays, in which

“ Intrigue was plot, obscurity was wit ;”

to the latter, its confirmation in the purer taste of the dramas of Shakespeare. The truth of the gradual deterioration of dramatic art, when theatres are in the hands of speculators, requires only a reference to the managements of Price, Polhill, Laporte, Osbaldistone, and Bunn, to be proved. It therefore cannot be otherwise than a subject of congratulation, that one of our large houses is now conducted by one worthy to be the successor of Garrick and Kemble. The management of Covent Garden by Mr. Macready, so far as it has gone, has done much to realise the expectations which we, in common with the rest of the public, formed at the commencement of his undertaking. He has eschewed puffing, abandoned the pernicious practice of issuing orders, held out none of the allurements which youth or lurking vice too eagerly snatches at, and yet, strange and incredible as it may seem to *quondam* managers, Covent Garden Theatre has been well filled. How has this almost miraculous event been brought about? Simply by presenting to the public good plays, well acted, and carefully got up. The money which they expended in the line of bulls, cows, camels, elephants, and horses, and in gorgeous processions and “twenty splendid suits of armour,” Mr. Macready lays out in engaging first-rate performers, and in preserving the scenic illusion of the legitimate drama. *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *Henry V.*, *Macbeth*, *Werner*, *Venice Preserved*, *Riches*, and the *Provoked Husband*, are all legitimate plays, and yet, wonderful to be narrated, well performed, they have drawn good houses. Macready, Ward, Phelps, Serle, Bartley, Meadows, Anderson, Hammond, Miss Huddart, Miss Taylor, and Miss Faucitt, have, marvellous to tell, in these plays, attracted “all sorts of people” to Covent Garden, and won their “golden opinions,” when *Caractacus*, the dresses of the Ancient Britons, the temple of the Druids, and Mr. West’s stud of horses, have “spent their sweetness on the desert air” of Drury Lane.

While thus applauding the general course of Mr. Macready’s management, and bearing testimony to the beneficial results produced by it, we cannot forbear from inquiring what has become of Comedy? We do not blame the manager for not having as yet made it a feature in his arrangements; causes, of which we know nothing, and which are amply sufficient, may have hitherto prevented him; only we should like to hear some rumours, to see some indications, that Ben Jonson, Wycherly, Coleman, Garrick, Mrs. Inchbald, Cumberland, and Sheridan, are not forgotten.

* Lekain was the contemporary and friend of Garrick, and, like him, the greatest actor in his country of his day. One day Garrick and Lekain amused themselves in the *Champs Elysées* by counterfeiting drunkenness, to the great amusement of a crowd of by-standers. Lekain at length said, “Do I perform it well, my friend?” “Yes,” replied Garrick, hiccuping, “very well; you are drunk all over, except your left leg!”

True it is that comedy is not now very popular, and does not draw first-rate houses ; a good company would, however, soon render it so, and slightly reduced in length, it would prove most attractive at half-price. Short comedies, as afterpieces, would, we are convinced, become fashionable, and fall in with the late dinner-hours of high life. With a small addition to his present company of a few light and vivacious actors, Mr. Macready could perform comedy with triumphant success. The money he would by this means save from the expenses of the glitter and tinsel of Spectacle, would easily afford the additional outlay in salaries. This done, and, at least on his part, his own fondest wishes, as to the higher purposes of the drama, will be realised.

The staple amusements of Covent Garden in the legitimate drama, during the last month, have consisted principally in the performance of those plays, which no time can render stale, no bad acting dull. In the present instance, however, they have been got up with admirable taste, and carefully and efficiently performed. *Riches*, an alteration from Massinger, the chief character of which was one of Kean's best performances, has been revived. Massinger is by some called a dry and hard writer : we do not feel this ; he appears to us a genuine poet, and the strong relief into which he delights to throw his characters, gives them a Rembrandt-like effect. It is true that he is prone to carry his light and shade to an extreme, so that his hero will frequently start out from the canvass ; while, from the overlaying of colour upon his principal figure, his other characters in the picture appear to be designedly thrown into a low tone. His plays have the appearance of dramatic essays upon " the ruling passion," the remaining characters being only subservient and accompaniments. Mr. Macready went through the character of Luke with his usual discrimination, calmness, and admirable self-possession. The former part of the character, where he is dependent and menial, was finely contrasted with the triumphant insolence of his bearing upon the sudden turn of fortune in his favour by the assumed death of his brother.

If Mr. Macready were to do nothing more during his management, than what he has done, he would deserve the approbation of every admirer of Shakspeare, by the manner in which, we had almost said, he has revived *Macbeth*. In the performance of this noble tragedy at Covent Garden, an approximation has been made, probably as near as dramatic representation will admit, to a portraiture of the lofty imagination it displays, and the tumultuous vehemence of the action which distinguishes it. The Weird Sisters have ceased to be ridiculous, and have at length some appearance of being hags of mischief, and obscene panders to iniquity. We can now fancy we really behold these unreal and abortive half-existences, as they come with thunder and lightning, and vanish to airy music. The strong and systematic principle of contrasts, on which Shakspeare has composed this play, the desperate action, and the dreadful reaction, the transitions from triumph to despair, are now far more than faintly sketched on the stage, they are almost fully developed. The play has indeed become " an unruly chaos of strange sudden things, where the ground rocks under our feet." The wildness of the scenery, the sudden shifting of the situations and characters, the bustle, the expectations excited, as the tragedy is now given at Covent Garden, form a strong contrast to the tame views, the confusion of scenes, the hurry of those concerned in the performance, and the ridiculous mistakes we have been accustomed to. To us Mr. Macready's *Macbeth* is his greatest performance ; it is not faultless, but he has a noble conception of the character, and executes it wonderfully. Other actors may have excelled him in isolated passages, none, we venture to affirm, in the entire part. Doubtless there was a fine melancholy retrospective tone in John Kemble's delivery of the lines,

" My way of life," &c.

which smote upon the heart, and in which Mr. Macready is deficient. The manner in which Kean's voice clung to his throat, in the scene after Duncan's murder, and choked his utterance, his agony, and his tears, were perhaps superior to that of Mr. Macready in the same passage. But even these great actors did not equal Mr. Macready's personification of Macbeth's agitation of mind, his staggering under the weight of his own purposes and the suggestions of others, his superstitious awe and breathless suspense, into which the communications of the Weird Sisters throw him, his remorse, his envy of those whom he has sent to peace—

" Duncan is in his grave ;

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well"—

his endeavour to banish remorse for the past by the meditation of future mischief, his faith in preternatural agencies, his amazement when he finds himself doomed,

even by the prediction of "the skye influences," and the giddy whirl of the imagination produced by the grandeur and turbulence of the fifth act. We may be mistaken, but we believe Mr. Macready's Macbeth to have been unrivalled in modern times. It is a fearfully animated and real performance, full of the true poetry of Shakspeare. Miss Huddart played Lady Macbeth, and excepting only her organic defect, which we fear is past cure, left little to desire, in the present state of the stage. She has studied the part well, and was received throughout with the most deserved applause: her last scene, though not the most appreciated, had perhaps the most merit—she drew a just distinction between the degree of energy necessary to give effect to poetry, and the subdued tone essential to the fiction of soliloquising somnambulism. Her mode of dismissing the company at the banquet scene was particularly fine; in it she was both regal and natural; in her anxiety, she did not forget her state. Mr. Phelps's Macduff, and Mr. Anderson's Banquo were careful and judicious performances, without pretension, and yet fully sustaining the dignity of their character. The witches were admirably and picturesquely executed by Messrs. Bennett, Bartley, and Meadows. We have frequently heard the grand music of Locke and Purcell in the choruses well sung at our theatres, but never so well as by the present chorus at Covent Garden, led by Messrs. Philips, Wilson, Manvers, Bedford, Stretton, Miss Sheriff and Miss Horton. The manager has wisely appropriated Monday nights for this admirable performance, and every succeeding week his exertions are more liberally rewarded by public patronage.

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES.—The only description of persons who do not derive pleasure from Pantomimes, is the dull, denss matter-of-fact class. The season of the year in which they are represented in England adds to the other causes of their popularity. They are equally favourite sights to the humourist and the philosopher, as to the young and enthusiastic. Cervantes thus dismisses a troop of merry strollers. "Go, good people, God be with you, and keep your merry making! for from my childhood I was in love with the *Carátula*, and in my youth, my eyes would lose themselves amidst the *Farandula*;" and the studious Bayle, wrapping himself in his cloak, and hurrying to the Market Place to Punchinello, would laugh when the fellow had humour in him.

People there are who never smile;
 Their foreheads still unsmooth'd, the while
 Some lambent flame of mirth will play,
 That wins the easy heart away;
 Such only choose in prose or rhyme
 A bristling pomp,—they call sublime!
 I blush not to like Harlequin
 Would he but talk—and all his kin!
 Yes, there are times, and there are places,
 When flams and old wives' tales are worth the Graces'.

Pantomimes will always be popular so long as they are founded on some fairy tale, nursery legend, or popular tradition. And it is to be observed, that they have generally been successful in proportion to the skill with which the introductory story has been dramatised. Local superstitions and old customs are a good back ground on which to exhibit the innocent marvels of the fairy tale, or the mysterious doings of a popular legend. The mixture of real scenes with the "gorgeous hydras and chimeras" of fairy land, is not incongruous in its effect. The impossibility is manifest; the veil of fiction is transparent; but the deception is an honest one, and the moral invariably wholesome. The very excess and extravagance of the incidents and personages are commendatory qualities. These anomalies should be made as glaring as possible, yet consistent with themselves. We should view the characters and incidents through a magnifying glass of superlative power. The introductory part should be treated in the same manner as Rabelais does human nature, and rendered dreadfully, or, if we may coin a word, Brobdingnagianly true. This part of the pantomime, is not only welcome to the urchin throng whose merry holiday faces are seen studding the house. Grave papas and uncles, and dignified elder brothers and sisters, find a pleasure in abandoning the prudery of common sense, and giving in to the glorious triumph of unreason over the dingy and dull realities of matter-of-fact existence.

Nothing can be better than the introductory part of the Covent Garden Theatre pantomime, which tells the story of *Godiva and Peeping Tom of Coventry* faithfully and humorously. The story of Godiva is one of those doubtful ones, which Milton in his *History of England* says he shall relate as well as authentic stories, for the benefit of those, if no others, who will know how to make use of them, the poets. It is a story worthy of being attached to the history of a city, famous in saintly legends for the visit of the eleven thousand virgins—an "incredible number," says that true-hearted Englishman, Selden. Drayton narrates the facts in his usual correct manner.

" Coventry at length

From her small mean regard, recovered state and strength ;
By Leofric her lord, yet in base bondage held,
The people from her marts by tollage were expelled ;
Whose duchess, which desired this tribute to release,
Their freedom often begged. The Duke, to make her cease,
Told her, that if she would his loss so far enforce,
His will was, she should ride stark naked upon a horse
By daylight through the streets : which certainly he thought
In her heroic breast so deeply would have wrought ;
That in her former suit she would have left to deal.
But that most princely dame, as one devoured with zeal,
Went on, and by that means the city clearly freed.

With what pantomimic truth does Leofric, at this house, appear, as a feudal despot, proud of the hereditary greatness of his dominion, reckless of the limbs and lives of his luckless but well-fed retainers. He strides as though possessed of the celebrated seven-league boots, flourishes a battle-axe of antediluvian size, and strews his path with the bodies of his attendants. His chivalrous attachment for the fair sex, his enthusiastic and overpowering love for his enormous consort, are finely contrasted with his superciliousness for his vassals and his aristocratic contempt for the ribbon-makers of Coventry. He sneeringly, and with the most frigid indifference, runs over, through the medium of a tremendous eye-glass, the signatures of a petition presented to him by the latter for the remission of a tax, votes it a farce, and cleanses his glittering boots on the unfortunate document. With what power is portrayed the wildness of Earl Leofric's passion, when he discovers Tom, the chief of the petitioners, in the ante-chamber of his lady ; his preparations to immolate the object of his political wrath, and the supposed invader of his domestic felicity, are calmly and deliberately made ; what a terrific combat then ensues !—" the hero of a hundred battles" is seen in every movement ; vengeance seems sure ; his axe is about to send his victim to " the shades below," when the genius of mischief prevails, and the application of a lighted taper, as large as a constable's staff, to his nether extremity, pitches the doughty baron out of the apartment. How wild is his rage and how deep his mortification, when, on his return to resume the mortal conflict, he discovers the amorous Tom has escaped ; he tears up by the roots his raven locks, worthy of the curling-irons of Truefit, and fit to adorn the brows of the statesman Ellenborough, and precipitates himself head first down the staircase.

Godiva is indeed what Drayton calls her, a " most princely dame." She receives her lord on his return from the wars with a proud but tender affection, and, to give full vent to her passion, dances with him a *pas deux*. A playful raillery hovers round her beneficent countenance, " she looks a goddess and she moves a queen." She entreats her Lord to give up his fancied right with so sweet an earnestness that none but a feudal baron could have refused. On hearing of the condition, on which he will comply with the request of the citizens, her delicacy is overcome and she swoons. On recovering, she appears to soar above the prejudices of her age ; she determines to exhibit in her own person " that daring virtue which sets a principle above a custom." The virtuous matron triumphs over the petty tyrant.

The other characters fully bear out and support the portraiture we have drawn of these two interesting persons. Peeping Tom is a most public spirit and tax-hating cooper ; Dryden describes the genus to which he belongs—" whom no king can govern and no God can please."

There is a lamentable falling off in the harlequinade, from the excellence of the introductory part ; the tricks are without purpose or connexion, the allusions without wit, the Clown without humour or thievery, and the Harlequin without agility.

The grand scenic attraction at this theatre, strictly worthy of the appellation,
Feb. 1838.—VOL. XXI.—NO. LXXXII.

grand it is, is Mr. Stanfield's Diorama, unfortunately for the improvement of the public taste, stated to be his last work in this branch of his art. It outshines even his former productions of a similar kind, in brilliancy of execution, and in the superior beauty of the scenes, as well as their romantic character. The views, which Mr. Stanfield has portrayed, are from the north of Italy, Savoy, French Flanders, and the British Channel. That part of the Diorama which depicts Alpine scenery, is grand and various, nature is displayed in all the gorgeousness of truth, and when the spectator is carried by it into the interior of towns or villages, the true perspective of the buildings cannot be improved. In the sea and water scenes, there is a transparency and a motion faithful to nature. Mr. Stanfield's retreat from a field, which his genius has rendered glorious, and in which he won his spurs, is a subject of general regret. He has by his works taught even those, whom Mr. Sidney Smith sneeringly calls "the common people," to be critical. He has equally improved the taste of the galleries and the taste of his profession. What a pity it is that the grand dioramic productions of this great artist cannot be preserved in some national collection. We trust that the present, his last, may have a better fate than its predecessors. An anecdote has conveyed to posterity the fame and genius of Appelles; it is not unlikely that an anecdote may have to do the same service to Mr. Stanfield in this branch of his profession. The critic of a morning paper, in remarking on the view of the falls of Niagara, which was one of the subjects of his Diorama at Drury Lane in 1832, complained that it was spoiled by the introduction of *real water*; to this the manager replied by stating that there was no real water introduced!!

DRURY LANE.—We have been assured by an old play-goer, that he saw the famous pantomime of *Mother Goose* sixteen times. As we have not been favoured even with a sixteenth in such a grand prize as the goose with the golden eggs, we cannot by any means take in the extent of this beatification. We, however, venture to assert, that to see the present pantomime of Drury Lane twice, would be a wonderful stretch of human endurance; though, as there is no saying in what noise some people can sleep, we think a resolute person might sit out a second representation, provided he did not snore so loud as to wake the rest of the audience. The younger part of the audience have not the slightest chance of discovering the story represented at this house: it is extremely difficult for even "children of a larger growth" to catch it. The harlequinade is very meagre in respect of tricks, quite deficient in interest and connexion, and does not even possess the show of a pantomimic chase. It possesses more agility than grace, and more slaps and tumbles than humour or drollery. With the single exception of the Clown, (Mr. T. Matthews,) who now and then disturbs the solemnity of the house with a shockingly human touch of nature, amidst the jumps, leaps, and tumbles, which once formed so exquisite a source of enjoyment to the amateurs of this annual offering to the genius of nonsense, the pantomime of Harlequin Jack a Lantern, appeared to be hard work for all parties both performers and spectators. No one of the former, with the exception of the before-named, was desirous to disturb the opiate of the piece: and the little folks yawn and stretch themselves, when all should be laughter and clapping of hands with delight. It would be unfair to remark on the panoramic effort of Messrs. Grieve, introduced into the pantomime; it has evidently been got up in a great hurry, and exhibits little of their usual taste and execution.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

Jan. 26.—We are happy to find that a decided improvement has taken place in the state of trade in the manufacturing districts. The prospects of the American market are reviving beyond expectation, and several of the principal houses connected with that country here have already resumed operations.

The principal topic of conversation since our last has been the affairs of Canada. We have no doubt, from what we have heard, that the steps taken will speedily be the means of putting an end to the public anxiety on this head.

The frost which has prevailed this month, and is still prevailing, has not been equalled, we believe, since 1814. In the Thames and outports the ice has materially retarded, and in many instances totally suspended, navigation.

By advices from Cuba we learn that a tremendous hurricane had been experienced at Trinidad and its vicinity, by which the town of Casilda was destroyed, only two buildings remaining, and every vessel in the port was destroyed. From twenty to thirty persons were killed, and many had subsequently died of their wounds. The water washed in torrents from the mountains, and swelled the river so much that the country was inundated, and thousands of cattle, as well as entire buildings, were swept into the sea. The coast for four or five miles was strewn with wrecks. This of course must mean Trinidad de Cuba.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS.

On Friday, 26th of January.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock, 206 one-half.—Three per Cent. Consols, 91 one-eighth.—Three per Cent. reduced, 92 one-quarter.—Three and a Half per Cent., reduced, 100 one-half.—Consols for Account, 91 one-half.—Exchequer Bills, 58s.—India Bonds, 55s. to 54s. p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese Five per Cent. 28 one-fourth.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 52 one-half.—Dutch, Five per Cent., 102 one-quarter.—Spanish Active Bonds, 19 five-eighths.

MONEY MARKET REPORT, Jan. 26.—There has been a good deal doing in the English Stock Market, and a marked improvement has taken place both in Consols and Exchequer Bills. India Bonds have also risen, and Bank Stock experienced a still further improvement. The resumption of payment by some large American houses, has tended much to restore confidence in the American funds. Very extensive investments have taken place in them.

There seems to be no diminution of business in the Railway Share Market, but rather the contrary. Prices have most materially advanced upon those which were current but a week or ten days since, and without any very intelligible cause. Great Western were quoted this afternoon at 17½ to 18 prem.; London and Brighton 7½ to 8½; London and Southampton 10 to 9 dis.; and Midland Counties 2 to ¼ prem. per Share.

The destruction of the Royal Exchange by fire may be regarded as a national calamity, meanwhile the utmost promptitude has been shown to lessen the inconvenience it has occasioned. The Subscribers to Lloyd's are accommodated in the premises belonging to the South Sea Company.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM DEC. 19, 1837, TO JAN. 19, 1838, INCLUSIVE.

Dec. 19.—R. Raynham, Theobald's Road, stationer.—O. O'Hara, Frith Street, Soho, butcher.—W. Lee, Bristol, stock broker.—T. Higgins, jun., Gloucester, watchmaker.—J. Jopling, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen draper.—W. Epps, Margate, butcher.—T. Mease, Stokesley, Yorkshire, flax spinner.—F. Jones, Ventnor, Isle of Wight, apothecary.—W. Bird, Cambridge, innkeeper.—F. Wheelwright, Birmingham, retail brewer.—H. New, Blake-down, Worcestershire, iron manufacturer.—J. R. Hughes, Oxford, vender of cigars.—T. Waters, Pillgwenilly, Monmouthshire, hay dealer.—S. L. and R. L. Polack, Manchester, merchants.—J. Clarke and T. Parry, Manchester, drysalts.

Dec. 22.—J. Partridge, Bank of England, stockbroker.—E. Le Comte, Bryanston Street, Portman Square, watchmaker.—J. Clements, Barnet Street, Bethnal Green, carpenter.—J. Stear, Oxford Street, hosier.—J. Hartland, St. George, Gloucester, brickmaker.—R. A. Eaton, Lutley Mill, Worcestershire, miller.—S. Smith, Pedmore, Worcestershire, farmer.—W. M. Stubbs, Knaresborough, scrivener.—M. and R. Kinch, Manchester, warehousemen.—H. Speight, Allerton, Yorkshire, stuff manufacturers.—J. Clark, Keyingham, Yorkshire, corn factor.

Dec. 26.—W. Gravenor, Bellmore, East Retford, Nottinghamshire, farmer.—J. Davis, John Street, Birmingham, licensed victualler.—W.

Hasler, Woodhouse, Leeds, stone mason and beer seller.—H. Rumley, Bristol, builder.—W. M. C. Mather, and J. T. Newstead, Manchester and Salford, ironfounders.

Dec. 29.—C. Dorrington, Digswell Hill, Hertfordshire, miller.—W. Charleton and J. H. Reddell, Berners Street, Commercial Road East, white lead manufacturers.—S. Piggins, jun., Cambrige, common brewer.—R. Aman, Northampton, cabinetmaker.—I. J. T. Hayward, Donfield, Gloucestershire, common brewer.—J. Teasdale, Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, road contractor.—S. Burke, Liverpool, coal and commission agent.—W. Bownas, Wortley, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer.—E. and C. Haines, Gloucester, linen drapers.—C. B. Blake, Woolpit, Suffolk, innkeeper.

Jan. 2.—J. Hollaway, Bracknell, Berkshire, grocer.—R. Tate, Regent Street, jeweller.—T. Mackie, Bear Street, Leicester Square, victualler.—J. Muddle, Bucklersbury, coffeehouse keeper.—J. and G. Grove, Birmingham, malsters.—J. Haddon, Liverpool, merchant.—J. T. Vowles, Bristol, hat manufacturer.

Jan. 5.—J. Bloomfield, Rose Inn and Wagon Office, Farringdon Street, warehouseman and carrier.—T. Skelton and J. Skelton, Gerard Street, Soho, oilman.—T. Wythes, Himbleton, Worcestershire, coal merchant.—J. Hoole, Crookes, Yorkshire, tanner.—G. Cole, Oxford, wine merchant.—W. Welch, Brockworth, Gloucestershire, corn dealer.—R. Warner, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, schoolmaster.—O. P. Wathen, Woodchester, Gloucestershire, clothier.—W. Wayte, Stoke-upon-Trent, wharfinger.

Jan. 9.—W. Joy, Bloomsbury Square, lodging-house-keeper.—J. Gillingham, Farringdon Street, victualler.—W. Brewer, Brighton, li-

brarian.—S. K. Brewer, Bristol, coal merchant.—R. Jones, Liverpool, grocer.—J. Snelling, Messing, Essex, grocer.—R. M. Snowdon, Malton, Yorkshire, draper.—J. Mucklow, Birmingham, publican.—W. Yates, sen. Old Buttery Works, Worcester, ironfounder.

Jan. 12.—M. Kettle, Ware, linendraper.—W. F. Mould, Union Place, New Road, wine-merchant.—J. Yeates, Brighton, brewer.—W. Johnson, Shelton, Staffordshire, ale seller.—W. R. Dyer, Hungerford, Berkshire, cornfactor.—J. Jackson, Maslam, Yorkshire, woolstapler.—W. Newall, Acton, Chester, sheep salesman.—H. Battye, Hey, Yorkshire, clothier.—S. Wignall, Keighley, Yorkshire, draper.—T. Jones, Birmingham, gun maker.—W. Soulby, Leeds, corn merchant.

Jan. 16.—J. Smith, Little Warner Street, Clerkenwell, hackneyman.—G. Solomons, Minorities, tallow-chandler.—J. Calvert, Pall Mall, ivory turner.—J. Allen and J. Sherwin, Dartford, Kent, farmers.—G. Mince, London Road, St. George's Fields, tea dealer.—T. Sawyer, Wood Street, ribbon manufacturer.—F. Beckingsale, Bridport, Dorset, grocer.—S. Lyle, Redruth, Cornwall, smelter.—T. Lithaby, Clifton, Bristol, mason.—G. S. Blackborow, Bristol, wine merchant.

Jan. 19.—J. Hayter, Hampstead Heath, victualler.—J. M. Bloom, Brighton, Sussex, dealer in fancy goods.—B. Haskell, Watford, Hertfordshire, coach and cartwheelwright.—T. Linsell and W. Linsell, Piccadilly, tailors.—J. Huxham, College Street, Upper Thames Street, ale and porter merchant.—G. Dickinson, Dover, Kent, paper manufacturer.—R. Stone, Oxford, surgeon.—H. E., and J. Kendall, Deritend, Warwickshire, perfumers.—A. Lees, Gorton, Lancashire, cotton spinner.

NEW PATENTS.

James Dowie, of Frederick Street, Edinburgh, Boot and Shoemaker, for certain improvements in the construction of boots and shoes, or other coverings for the human foot. December 2nd, 6 months.

William Occleshaw, of Manchester, Lancaster, Leaden Pipe Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the machinery or apparatus for manufacturing pipes or tubes, or other similar articles, from lead, or other metallic substances. December 2nd, 6 months.

Thomas William Booker, of Merlin Griffith Works, Glamorganshire, Iron Master and Tin Plate Manufacturer, for improvements in preparing iron to be coated with tin or other metals. December 4th, 6 months.

George Cottam, of Winsley Street, Oxford Street, Middlesex, Engineer, for improvements in the construction of wheels for railway and other carriages. December 5th, 6 months.

Moses Poole, of the Patent Office, Lincoln's Inn, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in looms for weaving figured and ornamented fabrics. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 5th, 6 months.

Moses Poole, of the Patent Office, Lincoln's Inn, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in printing. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 5th, 6 months.

John Hall, of Nottingham, Nottinghamshire, Lace Manufacturer, for certain improvements in machinery, whereby cloth or woven fabrics of various kinds, may be extended or stretched and dried in an extended state. December 5th, 6 months.

Joshua Taylor Beale, of Church Lane, Whitechapel, Middlesex, Engineer, for certain improvements in, and additions to, his former invention, known by the title of a lamp applicable to the burning of substances, not hitherto usually burned in such vessels or apparatus, and secured to him by letters patent, dated February 4th, 1834. December 7th, 6 months.

Samuel Mills, of Darlaston Green, Iron and Steel Works, near Wednesbury, Stafford, Iron Master, for improvements in machinery for rolling metals. December 9th, 6 months.

Jeremiah Bynner, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Lamp Manufacturer, for improvements in lamps. December 6th, 6 months.

Benjamin Cook, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Brass Founder, for an improvement in gas burners, commonly called or known by the name of Argand burners. December 9th, 6 months.

Cornelius Ward, of Great Tichfield Street, Marylebone, Middlesex, Musical Instrument Maker, for improvements on the musical instruments designated drums. December 9th, 6 months.

Thomas Vale, of Allen Street, Lambeth, Surrey, Coach Joiner, for improvements in hinges. December 13th, 6 months.

James Hunter, of Ley's Mill, Arbroath, Forfarshire, Mechanic, for a machine for boring or perforating stones. December 13th, 6 months.

William Elliot, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Button manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of covered buttons. December 14th, 6 months.

Thomas Joyce, of Camberwell New road, Gardener, for an improved apparatus for heating churches, warehouses, shops, factories, hothouses, carriages, and other places requiring artificial heat, and improved fuel to be used therewith. December 16th, 6 months.

Joshua John Lloyd Margary, of Wellington Road, St. John's Wood, Middlesex, Esquire, for a new mode of preserving animal and vegetable substances from decay. December 19th, 6 months.

John Gray, of Liverpool, Lancaster, Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines and apparatus connected therewith, which improvements are particularly applicable to marine engines for propelling boats or vessels, and part or parts of which improvements are also applicable to locomotive and stationary engines, and other purposes. December 19th, 6 months.

Edmund Butler Rowley, of Charlton-upon-Weldake, in the parish of Manchester, Lancaster, Surgeon, for certain improvements applicable to locomotive engines, tenders, and carriages, to be used upon railways, and which improvements are also applicable to other useful purposes. December 19th, 6 months.

John White, of Manchester, Lancaster, Engineer, for certain improvements in apparatus usually employed in lathes for turning metals and other substances. December 16th, 6 months.

James Berrington, of Winckworth Place, Saint Leonard's Shoreditch, Gentleman, and Nicholas Richards, of Camomile Street, in the city of London, Builder, for certain improvements in curing or preventing smokey chimneys, which improvements are also applicable to the purposes of ventilation. December 19th, 6 months.

Christopher Nickels, of Guilford Street, Lambeth, Surrey, Gentleman, and Henry George Collins, of Queen Street, Cheapside, London, Bookbinder, for improvements in bookbinding, parts of which improvements are applicable to the cutting paper for other purposes. December 19th, 6 months.

John Robertson, jun., formerly of Tweedmouth, Berwick, now of Great Charlotte Street, Buckingham Gate, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements of architecture, as regards its construction, or in the description or properties of the forms and combinations, and also of the superficial figures which may be employed, the application of these improvements, or of the principles or method thereof, being also for supplying forms, figures, or patterns, in various arts or manufactures; also for an improvement or improvements with regard to the surfaces of buildings, whether interior or exterior, for protecting them from decay, and also giving them a more finished appearance. December 19th, 6 months.

William Henry Pitcher, of the West India Dock House, Billiter Street, Middlesex, Merchant, for improvements in the construction of docks, and apparatus for repairing ships and vessels. December 19th, 6 months.

Neale Clay, of West Bromwich, Staffordshire, Manufacturing Chemist, for improvements in the manufacture of iron. December 19th, 6 months.

William Sandford Hall, of Streatham Cottage, Chelsea, Lieutenant in the Army, for improvements in paddle-wheels. December 19th, 6 months.

William Henry James, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in telegraphic apparatus, and in the means of communicating intelligence by signals. December 22nd, 6 months.

Charles Button, of Holborn Bars, Chemist, and Harrison Grey Dyar, of Mortimer

Street, Cavendish Square, Gentleman, both in Middlesex, for improvements in the manufacture of white lead. December 23rd, 6 months.

William Brindley, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Patent Paper Tray Manufacturer, for improvements in the construction of presses. December 23rd, 6 months.

William Losh, of Benton Hall, Northumberland, Esquire, for improvements in decomposing muriate of soda, (common salt,) parts of which improvements are also applicable to the condensing vapours of other processes. December 23rd, 6 months.

Jehiel Frankling Norton, of Manchester, Merchant, for certain improvements on stoves and furnaces. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 23rd, 6 months.

John Elvey, of the city of Canterbury, Kent, Millwright, for improvements in paddle-wheels. December 23rd, 6 months.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37' 32" N. Longitude 3° 51" West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1837.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Dec.					
23	51-40	29.89-29.78	S.W.		Generally cloudy. *
24	53-39	29.89-29.81	S.W.		Cloudy, a little rain in the morning.
25	55-42	29.86-29.69	S.W.		Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
26	50-34	29.87-29.80	S.W.		Cloudy, rain at times.
27	47-44	29.76-29.73	S.E.		Cloudy, rain at times.
28	51-43	29.83-29.77	S. b. E.		Cloudy. [evening.]
29	51-41	29.80-29.77	S.E.		Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the
30	53-43	29.89-29.85	S.		Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain.
31	49-40	29.92-29.89	S. b. E.	.0125	Generally clear, rain during the night.
Jan.					
1	49-35	29.90-29.86	S. b. E.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain.
2	49-32	29.84-29.68	S. b. W.	.025	Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy.
3	46-34	29.72-29.55	S.W.		Gen. clear, except the afternoon, rain at times.
4	45-24	29.99-29.84	S. b. W.	.05	Afternoon cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
5	33-24	30.18-30.13	W. b. N.		Foggy all the day.
6	38-24	30.18-30.17	N.W.		Generally cloudy.
7	36-28	30.22-30.17	N.E.		Generally overcast, a few drops of rain in the even.
8	31-23	30.28-30.19	N.E.		Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy, snow at times.
9	26-17	30.17-30.08	N.E.		Cloudy, snowing generally all the day.
10	27-17	29.98-29.87	N.E.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, snow at times.
11	27-5.5	30.04-29.87	S.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, with snow.
12	23-4.5	30.25-30.17	W. b. N.		Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy.
13	26-13	30.21-30.11	N.E.		Afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy.
14	27-6	29.95-29.83	N.E.		Morning cloudy, with snow, otherwise clear.
*15	23-1	29.74-29.73	S.W.		Generally clear.
16	31-9	29.95-29.74	N.E.		Cloudy, snow in the morning and afternoon.
17	23-16.5	30.11-30.07	N.E.		Cloudy, snow in the afternoon.
18	25-15.5	30.08-29.84	N.E.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, with snow.
19	21-3	29.74-29.72	N.E.		Aftern. clear, otherwise cloudy, snow in the morn.
*20	19-5	29.88-29.81	S.W.		Morning and evening cloudy, otherwise clear.
21	33-5	29.85-29.68	S.E.		Morning and afternoon clear, otherwise cloudy.
22	42-29	29.68-29.62	S.E.		Generally clear.

* The thermometer on the morning of the 15th has not been equalled during the past eighteen years; upon reference to our Journal for January 1829, we find two remarkable coincidences, viz. that during the previous days of the week, the wind had been, as now, from the N.E., changing on the morning of the 15th to the S.W., and the thermometer falling to 1°—it is singular enough that just the same date of the present year marks the same low degree of temperature, and precisely the same change of the wind.

The still lower state of the thermometer on the morning of the 20th, when it was 5° below zero, or 37° below the freezing point, has not been equalled since the 25th of December, 1796—when it was one degree and a half lower, viz. *six degrees and a half below zero*, which we believe to be the lowest degree ever registered in this country.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—JANUARY, 1838.

HOUSE OF LORDS, Dec. 12.—The municipal officers' declaration bill was read a second time. On the motion of Lord Melbourne the house then proceeded to consider the royal message in regard to an additional provision for the Duchess of Kent, on account of her increased proximity to the throne. His lordship afterwards moved that their Lordships should return a general address in answer to the message respecting the Duchess of Kent, expressive of their readiness to concur in any measure which might appear necessary and fitting for carrying it into effect. After some observations from Lord Ellenborough as to the proper time for voting the address, which were answered by Lord Melbourne, the Duke of Wellington expressed himself quite certain that there was no intention in the mind of any noble lord to throw any obstacle in the way of the address. Lord Brougham thought, before they pledged themselves to an augmentation of the income of the Duchess of Kent, they should be put in possession of the fact as to what her Royal Highness's real income was. The noble and learned lord observed that, looking merely at the different statutes having relation to her income, it was impossible to understand whether her actual income at the present moment was 16,000*l.* or 22,000*l.*

Dec. 14.—The Earl of Radnor gave notice, that on Thursday next he should call the attention of the house to the subject of the statutes and bye-laws of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and after some other unimportant business the house adjourned.

Dec. 15.—Lord Radnor presented a petition from all the principal publishers, booksellers, and printers of London, praying for a general reduction of the rate of postage; and Lord Brougham, a petition from the city of London, praying that the provisions of the "municipal officers' declaration bill" might be extended to every class of dissenters. The same noble and learned lord presented a petition from the prisoners in the Fleet, for the bill to abolish imprisonment for debt.

Dec. 18.—Lord Duncannon presented the last report of the church commissioners in Ireland, and Lord Brougham presented a petition from the city of London, in favour of Mr. Hill's plan for remodelling the post-office. His lordship spoke at some length in favour of Mr. Hill's plan, and in ridicule of various parts of the present system.

Dec. 19.—Lord Brougham presented two petitions, one praying for the improvement of the law with respect to imprisonment for debt, the other for the adoption of the ballot.—The Earl of Shaftesbury having brought up the report of the municipal officers' declaration bill, Lord Brougham moved amendments, for the purpose of extending the provisions of the bill, which are confined to "Moravians, Quakers, and Separatists," to all other sects who felt religious scruples on the subject of tests. The amendments were negatived, and the report was agreed to.—Mr. Rice, and others, from the Commons, brought up the civil list bill and the houses of parliament bill. On the motion of Viscount Melbourne, the civil list bill was read a first time; and, on the motion of Viscount Duncannon, the houses of parliament bill was read a first time.—Mr. Bernal, and others, from the Commons, brought up the slave compensation bill. It was read a first time, and ordered to be printed.—The house then adjourned.

Dec. 20.—Lord Melbourne (after some unimportant business) rose and moved the second reading of the civil list bill, which was read a second time, and the municipal officers' regulation bill having been read a third time, their Lordships adjourned.

Dec. 21.—The civil list bill passed through committee, and was ordered to be read a third time next day.

Dec. 22.—Lord Brougham asked whether her Majesty's government had received any official information with respect to what had taken place in Canada, as reported in the papers of that day?—Lord Glenelg replied in the negative.—Viscount Melbourne immediately rose and said it would be his duty to move that their Lordships do adjourn to the 16th of January, in consequence of the rumours that were afloat.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, Dec. 13.—After some notices had been given, Sir G. Grey stated, in answer to a question from Mr. Gladstone, that it was the intention of ministers to introduce a bill for the settlement of the government of New South Wales, and that it was not their intention to renew the temporary bill at present in force, which, however, had yet some time to run. In answer to a question from Mr. Serjeant Jackson, as to whether the government intended to introduce any change into the present system of national education in Ireland, Lord Morpeth said, that it was intended to adopt a regulation by which the conscientious objec-

tions of many Protestants to sending their children to the national schools would be removed.—A short conversation then occurred on bringing up the report of the Queen's message. The resolutions of the committee were then reported, and a bill pursuant thereto was ordered to be brought in. The bill was subsequently brought in, and read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Friday.—The civil list bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed on Friday.

Dec. 14.—Mr. Serjeant Talfourd moved for leave to renew his bill "To provide for the access of parents living apart from each other to their children of tender age." Sir Edward Sugden intimated that on another occasion he should take the sense of the house respecting the bill. Leave was then given, the motion having been seconded by Mr. Leader.—Mr. Serjeant Talfourd next moved for leave to bring in a bill to amend the law of copyright. After a short conversation, leave was given to bring in the bill.

Dec. 15.—Mr. Hawes asked if it were the intention of government to turn their attention to the recommendation of the commissioners of the post-office inquiry in their ninth report, relating to the reduction of the postage, and also as to the allowing the use of penny stamps. The Chancellor of the Exchequer said he was not prepared to go to the full extent of the ninth report of the commissioners, but some of their suggestions he was about to try.

Dec. 16.—The report of the civil list committee was brought up and received.—On the motion that the House do go into committee on the Duchess of Kent's annuity bill, a long argument took place between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Goulburn, on the subject of the 6,000*l.* a year which was granted for the education of the Princess Victoria.—The House then went into committee, merely for the purpose of discharging the order of the day for the consideration of the resolution; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer gave notice for a new resolution, that the present income of the Duchess of Kent do cease and determine, and that 22,000*l.* added to the 8,000*l.* be granted, making one annuity of 30,000*l.* The resolution to be considered on Monday.

Dec. 18.—On the order of the day being read for the House going into committee of supply, Sir G. Sinclair asked Mr. Rice if, agreeably to the order of the day immediately preceding that for going into committee of supply, he intended to proceed to the nomination of the pension list committee?—Mr. Rice, in reply, pointed to a motion of Mr. Hume, which stands for to-day, and which is that the names of members intended to be proposed to serve on select committees shall be placed on the notices on the day preceding that on which the debate on their nomination is to take place.—A discussion of some length ensued on the motion, that the committee consist of twenty-one members, and whether Mr. Harvey's name should be added. On a division, the numbers were—for Mr. Harvey, 71; against him, 122; majority, 51.—The resolutions of the committee of the whole House on the Duchess of Kent's annuity were now reported, and a bill pursuant thereto ordered to be brought in.—The houses of parliament bill was read a third time and passed, and the prisoners (Ireland) bill went through committee.

Dec. 19.—The house proceeded to the third reading of the civil list bill. On the question that the bill do pass, Mr. Hume renewed his motion for reducing the sum of 385,000*l.* to 335,000*l.* He did not divide the house, and the motion was immediately negatived.—Mr. Grote then, in a speech of considerable length, proposed the omission of "the clauses empowering her Majesty to grant a certain sum annually in new pensions," which was lost by a majority of 102. The numbers were, 125 to 23.—Sir R. Peel then proposed an amendment, enabling the crown to grant pensions to the amount of 1,200*l.* a-year; and providing, that if the whole sum were not granted in any one year the remainder might be carried over to the next year, and then granted in addition to the 1,200*l.* allowed for that year. For the amendment, 25; against it 100.—The bill was ultimately read a third time, and passed.—On the motion of Mr. Rice, the slave compensation bill was read a third time and passed.

Dec. 20.—No house.

Dec. 21.—Lord John Russell observed that on Saturday he should move that the house do adjourn to the 1st of February.—On the motion of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, the custody of infants bill was read a first time.—Colonel Sibthorp gave notice, that soon after the recess he would move for leave to bring in a bill to repeal so much of the 26th George III. c. 24, as grants an annuity of 20,000*l.* to Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg.—After some other unimportant business, the house adjourned.

Dec. 22.—Much business of little interest was transacted, and after a statement from Lord John Russell relative to the affairs of Canada,—the house adjourned to Tuesday, the 16th January.